THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES VOLUME XXX. | No. 3219—Mar. 17, 1906. | FROM BEGINNING Vol. CCXLVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS *remitted directly to the Publishers,* THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage,* to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to *foreign countries* in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or $1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

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THE DREAMER.

I shall never wed with flesh, I shall never ask of woman
To make a home of love, a dwelling of delight;
For I have no heart's desire towards the beauty that is human—
Bodiless as joy are the dreams that come at night.

I shall never call one son, nor the fair sweet name of daughter,
For I live with dreams, and of them I make my home,
And my kindred are the clouds, and the wind, and the wild water,
The sunlight, the starlight, the shadows, and the gloam

For they are a part of me, in my blood I hear them crying,
And I know no rest, by noon, or night, or day,
When I think of the white hills in their lonely silence lying,
And listen to the call of waters far away.

And I look towards the day when our home shall be together,
When my voice shall sound in the music of the rills,
When my soul shall be a breath of the golden summer weather,
And my heart a pulse of the peace upon the hills.

R. G. T. Coventry.

The Academy.

SPRING.

In misty blue the lark is heard
Above the silent homes of men;
The bright-eyed thrush, the little wren,
The yellow-billed, sweet-voiced blackbird,
'Mid sallow blossom blond as curd
Or silver oak boughs, carolling
With happy throat from tree to tree,
Sing into light this morn of Spring
That sang my dear Love home to me.

Be starry, buds of clustered white,
Around the dark waves of her hair;
The young fresh glory you prepare
Is like my ever-fresh delight,
When she comes shining on my sight
With meeting looks, with such a cheek
As colors like these flushing tips
Of shoots; and music ere she speak
Lies in the wonder of her lips.

Airs of the morning, breathe about
Keen faint scents of the wild wood-side,
From thickets where primroses hide
'Mid the brown leaves of Winter's rout;
Chestnut and willow, beacon out,
For joy of her, from far and nigh,
Your English green on English hills;
Above her head, song-quivering sky,
And at her feet, the daffodils.

Because she breathed, the world was more,
And breath a finer soul to use,
And life held lovelier hopes to choose;
But O, to-day my heart brims o'er,
Earth glows as from a kindled core,
Like shadows of diviner things
Are hill and cloud and flower and tree,—
A splendor that is hers and Spring's—
The day my Love came home to me.

Laurence Binyon.

Temple Bar.

FOR ST. THOMAS.

God said, "I am the End
And the Beginning."
"Ah, God," I said, "the middle way
Where I stand sinning."

God said, "I am the Light,
Darkness is mine."
"Alas," I said, "the twilit hour
Before sunshine."

God said, "All wise, I came
Even as a child."
"Ah, God," I said, "the years between
When youth runs wild."

God said, "In joy I come,
And time of tears."
"Alas, the hours of vague regrets
And vaguer tears."

God said, "Who seeks to see
My face shall find."
"Have pity, Lord, look down
Mine eyes are blind."

Ethel Clifford.

THE END OF THE AGE.*

ON THE APPROACHING REVOLUTION.

§ VII.

The second external cause of the approaching revolution consists in this: that the working people are deprived of their natural and lawful right to the use of the land, and that this deprivation has brought the nations of the Christian world to the continually increasing misery of the working people and their increasing exasperation against those who exploit their labor. This cause is especially perceptible in Russia because it is only in Russia that the majority of the working people still live an agricultural life, and the Russian people, owing to the increase of the population and the insufficiency of land, are only now placed under the necessity either of abandoning their accustomed agricultural life in which alone they see the possibility of the realization of the Christian commonwealth, or else of ceasing to obey the Government which keeps in the hands of the landowners the land taken from the people.

It is generally thought that the cruelest slavery is personal slavery: when one man can do anything he likes with another—torture, mutilate, kill him—while that which we do not even call slavery—the prevention of the possibility of using the land—is thought merely a certain somewhat unjust economical institution.

But this view is quite false.

What Joseph did with the Egyptians, what all conquerors have done with the vanquished nations, what is now being done by men to men in the prevention of the possibility of using the land—is the most dreadful and cruel slavery. The personal slave is the slave of one, but the man deprived of the right to use the land is the slave of all. Even this is not the principal calamity of the land slave. However cruel might have been the owner of the personal slave, in view of his own advantage and that he might not lose the slave, he did not force him to work incessantly, did not torture him, did not starve him, whereas the man deprived of the land is always obliged to work beyond his strength, to suffer, to starve, and can never for one minute be completely provided for—*i.e.*, set free from the arbitrary will of men, and especially from the arbitrariness of evil and avaricious men. Yet even this is not the chief calamity of the land slave. His chief calamity is that he cannot live a moral life. Not living by labor on the land, not struggling with nature, he is inevitably obliged to struggle with men, to endeavor to take from them by force or cunning that which they have acquired from the land and from the labor of others.

Land slavery is not, as is thought even by those who recognize deprivation of land as slavery, one of the remaining forms of slavery, but is the radical and fundamental slavery, from which has grown and grows every form of slavery, and which is incomparably more painful than personal slavery. Personal slavery is merely one of the particular cases of exploitation by land slavery, so that the emancipation of men from personal slavery without their emancipation from land slavery is not emancipation, but merely the cessation of one form of exploitation by slavery, and in many cases, as it was in Russia (when the serfs were emancipated with but a small portion of land), is a deceit

* The Living Age, Feb. 10, 1906.

which can only for a time conceal from the slaves their true position.

The Russian people always understood this, during serfdom, saying: "We are yours, but the land is ours," and during the emancipation they unceasingly and unanimously demanded and expected the emancipation of the land. During the emancipation from serfdom the people were cajoled by a little land being given them, and for a time they subsided, but with increase of population the question of the insufficiency of land again arose before them, and that in the clearest and most definite form.

While the people were serfs they used the land as much as was necessary for their existence. The Government and the landowners had the care of distributing the increasing population on the land, and so the people did not see the essential injustice of the seizure of the land by private individuals. But as soon as serfdom was abolished the care of the Government and landowners concerning the people's economic agricultural—I shall not say welfare—but possibility of existence was also abolished. The quantity of land which the peasants might possess was once for all determined without the possibility of increasing it whilst the population increased, and the people saw more and more clearly that it was impossible to live thus. They waited for the Government to rescind the laws which deprived them of the land. They waited ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, but the land has been seized ever more and more by private landowners, and before the people was placed the choice: of starving, ceasing to multiply, or altogether abandoning rural life and forming generatios of navvies, weavers, or locksmiths. Half a century passed, their position kept becoming worse and worse, and reached such a state that the order of life which they regarded as necessary for Christian life began to fall to pieces, and the Government not only did not give them land, but gave it to its minions, and, securing it for the latter, intimated to the people that they need never hope for the emancipation of the land, while on the European model it organized for them an industrial life—with labor inspection—which the people regarded as bad and sinful.

The withholding from the people of their legitimate right to the land is the principal cause of the calamitous position of the Russian people. The same cause lies at the basis of the misery and discontent with their position of the working people of Europe and America, the difference is only this: that the seizure of the land from the European peoples by recognition of the lawfulness of landed property took place long ago, so many new relations have covered up this injustice that the men of Europe and America do not see the true cause of their position, but search for it everywhere: in the absence of markets, in tariffs, in unfair taxation, in capitalism, in everything save in the withholding from the people of their right to the land.

To the Russian people the radical injustice—not having yet been completely perpetrated upon them—is clearly seen.

The Russian people living on the land clearly see what people wish to do with them, and they cannot reconcile themselves to it.

Senseless and ruinous armaments and wars, and the withholding from the people of their common right to the land—these, in my opinion, are the causes of the revolution impending over the whole of Christendom. And this revolution is beginning in no other place but in Russia because nowhere except among the Russian people has the Christian view of life been preserved in such strength and purity, and

nowhere save in Russia has been so far preserved the agricultural condition of the majority of the people.

§ VIII.

The Russian people before other nations of the Christian world, owing to their special qualities and conditions of life, have been brought to the consciousness of the disasters proceeding from obedience to coercive state power. And in this consciousness and in aspiration to free themselves from the coercion of their rulers lies, in my opinion, the essence of the revolution which is approaching, not only for the Russian people, but also for all nations of the Christian world. But to people living in states founded upon violence it seems that the abolition of the power of governments will necessarily involve the greatest of disasters.

But the assertion that the degree of safety and welfare which men enjoy is ensured by state power is altogether an arbitrary one. We know those disasters and such welfare, if it exists, among people living under state organization, but we do not know the position in which people would be were they to get clear of the state. But if one takes into consideration the life of those small communities which happen to have lived and are living outside great states, such communities, whilst profiting by all the advantages of social organization, yet being free from state coercion, do not experience one-hundredth part of the disasters which are suffered by people who obey state authority.

The people of the ruling classes for whom the state organization is advantageous speak most about the impossibility of living without state organization. But ask those who bear only the weight of the state power, ask the agricultural laborers, the 100,000,000 peasants in Russia, and you will find they feel only its burden, and, far from regarding themselves as safer for state power, they could altogether dispense with it.

In many of my writings I have repeatedly endeavored to show that what intimidates men—viz., that without governmental power the worst men would triumph whilst the best would be oppressed—is precisely what has long ago happened, and is still happening, in all states, since everywhere the power is in the hands of the worst men; as, indeed, cannot be otherwise, because only the worst men could do all those crafty, dastardly and cruel acts which are necessary for participation in power. Many times have I endeavored to explain that all the chief calamities from which men suffer, such as the accumulation of enormous wealth in the hands of some people and the deep poverty of the majority, the seizure of the land by those who do not work on it, the unceasing armaments and wars, and the depravation of men, flow only from the recognition of the lawfulness of governmental coercion; I have endeavored to show that before answering the question whether the position of men would be the worse or the better without governments, one should solve the problem as to whom the government consists of. Are those who constitute the government better or worse than the average level of men? If these individuals are better than the average, then the government will be beneficent, but if they are worse it will be pernicious. And that these men—Ivans IV., Henrys VIII., Marats, Napoleons, Arakchéyefs, Metternichs and Talleyrands, Nicolais—are worse than the average—history proves this.

In every human society there are always ambitious, unscrupulous, cruel men, who, I have already endeavored to show, are ever ready to perpetrate every kind of violence, robbery, mur-

der for their own advantage, and who in a society without government would be robbers, restrained in their actions partly by strife with those injured by them (self-instituted justice, lynching), but partly and chiefly by the most powerful weapon of influence upon men—public opinion. Whereas in a society ruled by coercive authority these same men are those who will seize authority and will make use of it not only without the restraint of public opinion, but, on the contrary, supported, praised, and extolled by a bribed and artificially maintained public opinion.

It is said, How can people live without governments—*i.e.*, coercion? On the contrary, one should say, How can people—rational beings—live recognizing as the inner connecting link of their life violence and not rational agreement?

Either one or the other: men are either rational or irrational beings. If they are not rational beings, then all matters between them can, and should be, decided by violence, and there is no reason for some to have and others not to have this right of violence. But if men are rational beings, then their relations should be founded not on violence, but on reason.

One would think that this consideration should be conclusive to men recognizing themselves as rational beings. But those who defend state power do not think of man, of his qualities, of his rational nature; they speak of a certain combination of men to which they apply a kind of supernatural or mystical signification.

What will happen to Russia, France, Britain, Germany, say they, if people cease to obey governments?

What will happen to Russia?—Russia? What is Russia? Where is its beginning or its end? Poland? The Baltic provinces? The Caucasus with all its nationalities? The Kazan Tartars? Ferghana Province? All these are not only not Russia, but are foreign nationalities desirous of being freed from the combination which is called Russia. The circumstance that these nationalities are regarded as parts of Russia is an accidental and temporary one, conditioned in the past by a whole series of historical events, principally acts of violence, injustice, and cruelty, whilst in the present this combination is maintained only by the power which spreads over these nationalities.

During our memory Nice was Italy and suddenly became France; Alsace was France and became Prussia. The Trans-Amur Province was China and became Russia. Saghalin was Russia and became Japan. At present the power of Austria spreads over Hungary, Bohemia, and Galicia, and that of the British Government over Ireland, Canada, Australia, Egypt, India, &c.; that of the Russian government over Poland, Guria, &c. But tomorrow this power my cease. The only force uniting all these Russias, Austrias, Britains, and Frances is coercive power. And coercive power is the creation of men, who, contrary to their rational nature and the law of freedom as revealed by Jesus, obey those who demand of them evil works of violence. Men need only become conscious of their freedom, natural to rational beings, and cease to commit acts contrary to their conscience and the Law, and then these artificial combinations of Russia, Britain, Germany, France, which appear so splendid, *i.e.*, that cause, in the name of which people sacrifice not only their life but the liberty proper to rational beings, will no longer exist.

People need simply cease to obey power in the name of the idols existing only in their own imagination—of Russia, France, Britain, the United States—and straightway these dreadful idols which now ruin the physical and

mental welfare of men will of themselves disappear.

It is usual to say that the formation of great states out of small ones continually struggling with each other, by substituting a great external frontier for small boundaries, thereby diminishes strife and bloodshed and their attendant evils. But this assertion also is quite arbitrary, as no one has weighed the quality of evil in the one and the other positions. And it is difficult to believe that all the wars of the confederate period in Russia, Burgundy, Flanders, Normandy in France, cost as many victims as the wars of Napoleon, of Alexander, or as the Japanese war lately ended.

The only justification for the expansion of the state is the formation of a universal monarchy, the existence of which would remove all possibility of war. But all attempts at forming such a monarchy by Alexander of Macedon, by the Roman Empire, or by Napoleon, never attained this object of pacification, but, on the contrary, were the cause of the greatest calamities for the nations. So that the pacification of men cannot possibly be attained by the increase and strengthening of states. This can be attained only by the opposite means: the abolition of states with their coercive power.

There have existed cruel and pernicious superstitions, human sacrifices, burnings for witchcraft, "religious" wars, tortures . . . but men have freed themselves from these superstitions. Whereas the superstition of the State as something sacred continues its hold upon men, and to this superstition are offered perhaps more cruel and ruinous sacrifices than to all the others. The essence of this superstition is this: that men of different localities, habits, and interests are persuaded that they all compose one whole because one and the same violence is applied to all of them, and these men believe this and are proud of belonging to this combination.

This superstition has existed for so long and is so strenuously maintained that not only those who profit by it—kings, ministers, generals, the military and officials—are certain that the existence, confirmation, and expansion of these artificial units serve the welfare of those who are caught in these combinations, but even these latter become so accustomed to the superstition that they are proud of belonging to Russia, France, Britain, or Germany, although this is not at all necessary to them, and brings them nothing but evil.

Therefore if these artificial combinations into great states were to be abolished by people, because of their meekly and peacefully submitting to every kind of violence and ceasing to obey the Government, then such an abolition would only lead to there being amongst such men less coercion, less suffering, less evil, and to its becoming easier for such men to live according to the higher law of mutual service, which for 2500 years has been revealed to men, and which gradually enters more and more into the consciousness of mankind.

In general for the Russian people, both the town and the country population—it is, in such a critical time as the present, above all important not to live by the experience of others, not by others' thoughts, ideas, words, not by various social-democracies, constitutions, expropriations, bureaus, delegates, candidatures, mandates, &c.; but—to think with their own mind, to live their own life, constructing out of their own past, out of their own spiritual foundations new forms of life proper to this past and these foundations.

§ IX.

The revolution now impending over mankind consists in their liberation

from the deceit of obedience to human power. As the essence of this revolution is quite different from the essence of all former revolutions in the Christian world, therefore also the activity or those participating in this revolution must be quite different from the activity of participators in former revolutions.

The activity of the participators in former revolutions consisted in the violent overthrow of power and in its reseizure. The activity of the participators in the present revolution should, and can, consist in the cessation of that obedience to any violent power whatever, which has now lost its meaning, and in the ordering of one's life independently of government.

Besides the activity of the participators in the coming revolution being different from that of the participators in former revolutions, the principal participators in this revolution are themselves also quite different, as is the locality where it must take place, and the number of the participators.

The participators in former revolutions were principally people of the higher professions, free from physical labor, and the town working-men led by these men. Whereas the participators in the coming revolution must, and will, be chiefly the agricultural masses. The localities where former revolutions began were towns; the locality of the present revolution must be chiefly the country. The number of participators in former revolutions was ten or twenty per cent. of the whole nation; the number of participators in the revolution now taking place in Russia must be eighty or ninety per cent.

Therefore all the activity of the agitated town population of Russia, who, imitating Europe, combine into unions, prepare strikes, demonstrations, revolts, and invent new forms of government, not to mention those unfortunate brutalized men who commit manslaughter thinking thereby to serve the dawning revolution—the activity of all these men, far from being in harmony with the impending revolution, arrests its progress much more effectually than governments do (for, without knowing it themselves, they are the truest assistants of the Government), and falsely directs and impedes it.

The danger now threatening the Russian nation is not that the existing coercive government may not be violently overthrown and that in its place there may not be established another government also coercive, however democratic or even socialistic, but that this struggle with the government may draw the nation itself into an activity of violence. The danger lies in this: that the Russian people, called by the peculiar circumstances in which it is placed to point out a peaceful and certain way of liberation, instead of this may, by those who do not understand all the significance of the revolution taking place, be attracted into a servile imitation of former revolutions, and that, abandoning the way of salvation on which they are now standing, they may advance along the false way by which other nations of Christendom are advancing to their certain ruin.

In order to avoid this danger the Russian people should first of all be *themselves;* they should not seek to ascertain how they should act and what they should do from European nations and American constitutions, or from socialistic programmes. But they should inquire and seek advice only from their own conscience. The Russian people, in order that they may fulfil the great work now before them, should not only refrain from concerning themselves with the political government of Russia and with the securing of freedom to the citizens of the Russian state, but should first of all free themselves from the very idea of a

Russian state, and consequently also from all concern in the rights of the citizens of such a state. At the present moment the Russian people, that they may obtain freedom, should not only refrain from taking this or that action, but should refrain from all undertakings, from those into which the Government is alluring them as well as from those into which the Revolutionists and Liberals desire to draw them.

The peasants, the majority of the Russian people, should continue to live as they have always lived—in their agricultural, communal life, enduring all violence, both governmental and non-governmental, without struggle, but not obeying demands to participate in any kind of governmental coercion; they should not willingly pay taxes, they should not willingly serve in the police, the administration, the customs, in the army, in the navy, nor in any coercive organization whatever. Likewise, and still more strictly, the peasants should refrain from the violence to which they are being incited by the Revolutionists. All violence of the peasants towards the landowners will call forth strife with reacting violence, and will end in any case by the establishment of a government of this or that kind, but unavoidably coercive. And with any coercive government, as happens in the freest countries of Europe and America, the same senseless and cruel wars will be proclaimed and carried on, and in the same way the land will continue to be the property of the wealthy. It is only the non-participation of the people in any violence whatever which can abolish all the coercion from which they suffer, and prevent all possibility of endless armaments and wars, and also abolish private property in land.

Thus should the agricultural peasants act that the revolution now taking place may produce good results.

As to the urban classes, the nobles, merchants, doctors, scientists, writers, mechanics, &c., who are now occupied with the revolution, they should first of all understand their insignificance—be it only numerical—of one to a hundred in comparison with the agricultural people; they should understand that the object of the revolution now taking place cannot, and should not, consist in the foundation of a new political coercive order, with whatever universal suffrage, whatever improved socialistic institutions, but that this object can, and should, consist in the liberation of the whole people—and especially of their majority, the 100,000,000 agricultural workers — from every kind of coercion: from military coercion—soldiery, from fiscal coercion—taxes and tariffs, and from agrarian coercion—the seizure of the land by the landowners, and that for this purpose that fretful, unreasonable, and unkind activity with which Russian Liberals and Revolutionists are now occupied is not at all necessary, but something quite different. These men should understand that revolutions cannot be made to order—"Let us organize a revolution"; that revolution cannot be produced by imitating the ready-made patterns of what has taken place a hundred years ago under utterly different conditions. Above all, these men should understand that a revolution can improve the condition of a people only when they, having recognized the unreasonableness and calamity of former foundations of life, strive to arrange a life on new foundations capable of giving them true welfare—when people possess ideals of a new better life.

But those who are now endeavoring to produce in Russia a political revolution according to the model of European revolutions possess neither any new foundations nor any new ideals whatever. They strive merely to substitute for one old form of coercion an-

other new one, also to be realized by coercion, and carrying with it the same calamities as those which the Russian people now suffer from—as we see in Europe and America, people groaning under the same militarism, the same taxation, the same seizure of the land.

As to the circumstance that the majority of revolutionists put forward as their ideal a socialistic organization which could be obtained only by the cruelest coercion, and which, if it ever were attained, would deprive men of the last remnants of liberty, this demonstrates only that such people possess no new ideals. The ideal of our time cannot be the alteration of the forms of coercion, but only its complete abolition attainable by disobedience to human rule.

In order to free themselves from all the evils which now oppress them, the working-men should without strife, without coercion, cease to obey the authorities. And this same—the submissive suffering of violence and disobedience to the authorities—is also necessary for the fulfilment of that law which Christian nations profess. A Christian, as a Christian, cannot obey (and obeying thereby necessarily participate in) an authority which is entirely based on violence maintained by violence, and unceasingly committing acts of violence the most contrary to the Christian law: soldiery, wars, prisons, executions, the withholding from the people of the possibility of using the land. So that both the bodily welfare of man, as well as the higher spiritual welfare, can only be attained in one way: by the suffering, without struggle, of all violence—at the same time by the abstinence from participation in it, by *disobedience to the authorities.*

So that if people of the urban classes really desire to serve the great revolution which is taking place, the first thing they should do is to desist from the cruel, revolutionary, unnatural, artificial activity with which they are now occupied, and to settle down in the country and share the people's labor—learning from the people their patience, their indifference and contempt towards the exercise of power, and, above all, their habits of industry—endeavoring not only to refrain from inciting people, as they now do, to violence, but, on the contrary, restraining them from all participation in acts of violence and from any obedience to coercive power of whatever kind, and to serve them, should it be necessary, with their scientific knowledge, to elucidate those questions which will inevitably arise with the abolition of government.

§ X.

But how and in what forms can men of the Christian world live if they will not live in the form of states obeying government rule?

The answer to this question lies in those very qualities of the Russian people, owing to which I think that the impending revolution must begin and must happen in Russia rather than in other countries.

The absence of government power in Russia has never prevented the social organization of agricultural communes. On the contrary, the intervention of government power always hindered this inner organization natural to the Russian people. The Russian people, like the majority of agricultural nations, naturally combine like bees in a hive into definite social relations fully satisfying the demands of the common life of men. Wherever Russian people settle down without the intervention of Government they have always established a mutual order, not coercive, but founded upon mutual agreement, communal, and with communal possession of land, which has completely satisfied the demands of peaceful so-

cial life. Without the aid of the Government such communes have populated all the eastern boundaries of Russia. Such communes have emigrated to Turkey, like the Nekrassovisi, and retaining their Christian communal organization, quietly have lived, and are living there, under the power of the Turkish Sultan. Such communes have without knowing it passed into Chinese territory, into Central Asia, and have lived there for a long time, without needing any government beyond their own inner organization. And in precisely the same way do the Russian agricultural people—the enormous majority of the population of Russia—live without needing the government, but merely suffering it. The government for the Russian people has never been a necessity but always a burden.

The absence of government—of that same government which retains by force the right of using the land in the hand of the non-laboring landowners, can only contribute to that communal agricultural life which the Russian people regard as a necessary condition of good life—it will contribute to it in that the power of maintaining property in land being abolished, the land will be freed and all will have equal right to it.

Therefore the Russian people, when abolishing government, need not invent any new forms of combined life with which to replace the former. Such forms of combined life exist amongst the Russian people, have always been natural to them, and have satisfied their social demands.

These forms are a communal organization with the equality of all the members of the Mir, a co-operative system in industrial undertakings, and a common possession of the land. The revolution which is impending over Christendom and is now beginning amongst the Russian people, is distinguished from former revolutions precisely by this, that the latter destroyed without substituting anything for that which was destroyed by them, or else replaced one form of violence by another; whereas in the impending revolution nothing need be destroyed, it is only necessary to cease participating in violence—not to extirpate the plant, putting in its place something artificial and lifeless, but merely to remove all which has hindered its growth. And therefore those hasty, bold-faced, and self-assured people who, without understanding the cause of the evil with which they are violently striving, and without realizing to themselves any form of life without violence, blindly and thoughtlessly overthrow the existing violence in order to replace it by new violence, will not contribute anything to the revolution now taking place. Those who will contribute to it are those who, without overthrowing anything, without breaking anything, will organize their life independently of the Government, will peacefully endure any violence inflicted upon them, but will not participate in the Government, and will not obey it.

The Russian nation, the agricultural nation, the enormous majority, need only continue to live as it lives now—an agricultural communal life, only with *no participation in the works of the Government and without obedience to it.*

The closer the Russian people will stick to the combined life which is natural to them the less possible will be the interference of governmental coercive rule into their life, and the more easily will this power be removed, finding fewer and fewer occasions for interference, and fewer and fewer assistants in the doing of its deeds of violence.

Therefore to the question as to what consequences will follow the cessation of obedience to government, one can say for certain that the consequence will be the abolition of the co-

ercion which has compelled men to fight with each other and deprived them of the right to use the land. Men liberated from violence, no longer preparing for war nor fighting with each other, but possessing access to the land, will naturally return to the most joyous, healthy, and moral agricultural labor proper to all men, in which man's effort will be directed to a struggle with nature and not with men; to a labor on which rest all other branches of labor, and which can be abandoned only by those who live by violence.

The cessation of obedience to Governments must bring men to agricultural life, and agricultural life in its turn will bring them to the communal organization most natural under the conditions of life in small communities placed in similar agricultural conditions.

It is very probable that these communities will not live in isolation, but owing to unity of economic, racial, or religious conditions, will enter into new free mutual combinations, completely different, however, from the former State combinations founded upon violence. The repudiation of coercion does not deprive men of the possibility of combination, but combination founded upon mutual agreement can be formed only when those founded upon violence are abolished.

That one may build a new and durable house in the place of one falling into ruins one must take down the old wall, stone by stone, and build it anew.

So with those combinations which may develop amongst men after the abolition of the combinations founded on violence.

§ XI.

But what is to become of all that mankind has elaborated—what will become of civilization?

"The return to monkeys,"—Voltaire's letter to Rousseau about learning to walk on all fours—"the return to some kind of primitive, natural life," say those who are so certain that the civilization they possess is so great a good that they cannot even admit the idea of the loss of anything which has been attained by civilization.

"What! a coarse agricultural commune in rural solitude long ago outlived by mankind instead of our cities with underground and overground electric ways, with electric suns, museums, theatres, and monuments?" cry these people. "Yes, and with paupers' quarters, with the slums of London, New York, and all large cities, with the houses of prostitution, the usury, explosive bombs against external and internal foes, with prisons, gallows, and millions of military," say I.

"Civilization, our civilization, is a great boon," people say. But those who are so certain of this are the few people who not only live in this civilization, but *live by it*, they live in complete content, almost idly in comparison with the labor of the working people, just because this civilization does exist.

All these people—kings, emperors, presidents, princes, ministers, officials, the military, landowners, merchants, mechanics, doctors, scientists, artists, teachers, priests, writers—No, they know for certain that our civilization is such a great boon that one cannot admit the idea not only of any possibility of its disappearance, but even of its alteration. But ask the enormous mass of the Slavonian, Chinese, Indian, Russian agricultural people, nine-tenths of humanity, whether the civilization which appears so precious to the non-agricultural professions is indeed a boon or not?

Strange to say, nine-tenths of humanity will answer quite differently. They know that they require land, manure, water, irrigation, the sun, rain, woods, harvests, certain simple implements of labor which can be manufac-

tured without interrupting agricultural pursuits; but as to civilization, either they are not acquainted with it or else when it appears to them in the form of town depravity or unjust law-courts with their prisons and hard labor; or in the form of taxes and the erection of unnecessary palaces, museums, monuments; or in the form of customs impeding the free exchange of products; or of guns, ironclads, armies devastating whole countries—they will say that if civilization consists in these things then it is not only unnecessary but exceedingly harmful to them.

Those who profit by the advantages of civilization say that it is a boon for the whole of mankind, but then in this question they are not the judges, nor the witnesses, but one of the litigants.

It is beyond doubt that we have advanced a long way on the road of technical progress, but who has advanced along this road? that small minority which lives on the shoulders of the working people; whilst the working people themselves, those who serve these other men who profit by civilization, continue in all Christendom to live even as they lived five or six centuries ago, profiting only at times and in rare cases by the refuse of civilization. If they do live better, then the difference separating their position from that of the wealthy classes is not less, but is rather greater, than the one which separated them from the wealthy six centuries ago. I do not say that upon understanding that civilization is not the absolute advantage that so many think it is we should throw aside all that men have attained in their strife with nature; but I do say that before we can know that what has been attained by men does indeed serve their welfare, it is necessary that all should profit by these advantages, and not a small number; it is necessary that people should not be compulsorily deprived of their own welfare for other people's benefit, in the hope that the same advantages shall some day reach their descendants.

We look upon the Egyptian pyramids and are horrified by the cruelty and insanity of those who ordered their erection, as well as of those who fulfilled these orders. But how much more cruel and insane are those ten and thirty-six story houses which men of our time erect in cities and are proud of. Around lies the land with its grass, its woods, its pure water, pure air, sun, birds, animals, but men with dreadful effort shut the sun from others and erect thirty-six story houses, rocked by the wind, where there is neither grass nor trees, and where everything, both water and air, is contaminated, all the food adulterated and spoilt, and life itself is tedious and unhealthy. Is not this a sign of manifest madness in a whole society of men, not only to accomplish such insanities but also to pride themselves upon doing so? This is not the only example; look around you and you will see at every step what equals these thirty-six story houses and Egyptian pyramids.

The justifiers of civilization say: "We are ready to correct the evil but only on the condition that all that mankind has attained should remain intact." Why, this is what a dissipated man who has ruined his life, his position, and his health, says to his doctor. He is ready to agree with all the doctor will prescribe, but only on condition that he may continue his depraved life. To such a man we say that if he is to improve his state he must cease to live as he is living. It is time for Christian humanity to say and understand the same. The unconscious and sometimes conscious mistake which those who defend civilization make is that they regard civilization, which is only a means, as an end or a result, and deem it always an advantage.

It might be an advantage if only the rulers of society were good. Explosive gases are very useful for opening means of communication by blasting rock, but they are pernicious in bombs. Iron is useful for ploughs but pernicious for shells and for prison bars.

The Press may disseminate good feelings and wise thoughts but with yet more success—that which is immoral and false. The question as to whether civilization is useful or pernicious is solved by the consideration whether in a given society good prevails or evil. In our society where the minority crushes the majority civilization is a great evil. It is merely an extra weapon for the oppression of the masses by the ruling minority.

It is time for those of the higher classes to understand that what they call civilization and culture are both the means and the result of the slavery in which the smaller non-working portion of the nation keeps the enormous majority of the workers.

It is time for us to understand that our salvation lies not in continuing along the road on which we have been moving, and not in the retention of what we have elaborated, but in the recognition that we have advanced along a false road, and have entered a bog out of which we must extricate ourselves, and that we should be concerned not in retaining that which we have, but, on the contrary, should boldly throw aside all the most useless of what we have been dragging upon ourselves, so that in some way (be it on all fours) we may scramble out upon a firm bank.

A rational and righteous life consists only, in man or men, from amongst the many actions or ways before him or them choosing the most rational and good. Christian humanity in its present condition has got before it the choice of two things; either the continuation along the way on which existing civilization will give the greatest welfare to the few, keeping the many in want and servitude, or else at once, without postponement to some far future, abandoning a portion or even all those advantages which civilization has attained for the few, if such advantages hinder the liberation of the majority from want and servitude.

§ XIII.

That men of our time talk about certain separate liberties—the freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, the right of meeting, of this or that kind of elections, of associations, of labor, and of much else—clearly demonstrates that such people—as at the present time our Russian Revolutionists—possess a very fallacious idea, or have no idea whatever, of freedom in general—that simple freedom, comprehensible to all, which consists in there being no power over man demanding from him actions contrary to his desires and advantages.

In this non-comprehension of what constitutes freedom, and in the consequent idea that the permission of certain people to do certain actions is freedom—lies a great and most pernicious error. This error is: that men of our time imagine that the servile subjection to violence in which they stand, in relation to the Government, is a natural position, and that the authorization by governmental power of certain actions defined by this power is freedom; somewhat as if slaves were to regard as freedom the permission to go to church on Sundays, or to bathe in hot weather, or in their leisure time to mend their clothes, and so forth.

One need only for one minute reject established customs, habits, and superstitions, and examine the position of every man in Christendom, whether belonging to the most despotic or to

the most democratic state, in order to be horrified at the slavery under which men are now living while imagining that they are free.

Over every man, wherever he may have been born, there exists a group of individuals completely unknown to him, who establish the law of his life, what he should and what he should not do. The more perfect the state organization the closer is the net of these laws. It is defined to whom and how he shall swear allegiance: *i.e.*, promise to fulfil any laws that may be invented and proclaimed. It is defined how and when he should marry (he may marry only one woman, but he may make use of houses of prostitution); it is defined how he may divorce his wife, how he should maintain his children, which of them he should regard as legitimate, which as illegitimate, and from whom and how he should inherit and to whom transmit his property. It is defined for what transgressions of the law and how and by whom he shall be judged and punished. It is defined when he must himself appear in court, in the capacity of juror or witness. The age at which he may make use of the labor of assistant workmen is defined, and even the number of hours per day which his assistants may work, and the food he must give them; it is defined when and how he should inoculate preventative diseases into his children. The methods are defined which he must undertake, and to which he must submit in case of this or that disease afflicting him, his family, or his cattle. The schools into which he must send his children are defined as well as the proportions and the stability of the house which he must build. It is defined how he should maintain his animals, horses, and dogs, how he may make use of water, and where he may walk without a road. For the non-fulfilment of all these and many other laws the punishments are defined. It is impossible to enumerate all the laws upon laws and rules upon rules to which he must submit, and the ignorance of which (although it is impossible to know them) cannot serve as an excuse for a man even in the most democratic state. He is, moreover, placed in such a position that in buying every article which he consumes: salt, beer, wine, cloth, iron, oil, tea, sugar, &c., he must surrender a great portion of his labor for certain undertakings unknown to him, and for the paying of interest on debts contracted by somebody or other in the times of his grandfather and great-grandfathers. He must also surrender a part of his labor on the occasion of any removal from place to place, or of any inheritance he may come into, or of any transaction whatever with his neighbor. Further, for the portion of the land he occupies, either by his abode or by cultivation, a yet more considerable part of his labor is demanded from him, so that if he lives by his own labor and not by that of others, the greater part of his labor, instead of being used for the alleviation and improvement of his own position and that of his family, goes to pay these taxes, tariffs, and monopolies.

More than this! This man, in some states (the majority), as he comes of age, is ordered to enter for several years the military service, the most cruel servitude, and to go and fight, and in other countries, Britain and America, he must hire other people for this same purpose. Yet people placed in this position not only fail to see their own slavery, but are proud of it, regarding themselves as free citizens of the great States of Britain, France, or Germany; they are proud of this just as lackeys are proud of the importance of the masters they serve.

It would appear natural to a man with undepraved and unweakened spiritual powers, on finding himself in so

dreadful and humiliating a position, to say to himself: "But why should I go through all this? I desire to live my life in the best way! I wish to decide for myself what it is pleasant, useful, and necessary for me to do. Leave me in peace with your Russia, France, Britain. Who wishes all this, let him take care of these Britains and Frances, but I do not require them. By force you can seize from me everything you like and kill me, but of my own accord I do not wish my own enslavement and shall not participate in it." It would appear natural to act thus, yet no one does thus act.

The belief that to belong to some State or other is a necessary condition of human life has become so firmly rooted that men cannot make up their minds to act as their own reason, their own sense of right, or their direct advantage, bids them.

People maintaining their servitude in the name of their belief in the State are exactly like those birds which, notwithstanding that the door of their cage is open, continue to sit in their prison partly by habit and partly because they do not realize they are free.

But this error is more remarkable in those who themselves satisfy their own necessities, such as the agricultural population of Germany, Austria, India, Canada, Australia, and especially of Russia. These have neither need nor advantage in the slavery to which they voluntarily submit.

One can understand that townsfolk do not thus act because their interests are so intertwined with the interests of the ruling classes that the enslavement in which they find themselves is advantageous to them. Mr. Rockefeller cannot desire to refuse to obey the laws of his country because the laws of that country give him the possibility of gaining and conserving his milliards, to the detriment of the interests of the masses of the people; neither can the directors of Mr. Rockefeller's undertakings and those who serve these directors, and the servants of these servants, desire to refuse obedience. So it is with the inhabitants of towns, their position is similar to that of the Russian household retainers of old times towards the peasants; the enslavement of the latter was advantageous to the former. But why should agricultural nations, the majority of the Russian peoople, submit to this power so unnecessary to them?

There lives a family in the Government of Tula, or in Posen, in Kansas, in Normandy, in Ireland, in Canada. These people of Tula have no concern whatever in the Russian State, with its St. Petersburg, Caucasus, Baltic provinces, with its Manchurian annexations and diplomatic artfulness. So also a family live in Posen and have no concern with Prussia, its Berlin, and its African colonies. Nor has the Irishman with Britain—with its London and its Egyptian, Boer and other interests; nor the man in Kansas in the United States—with its New York and the Philippines. And yet these families are compelled to surrender a stipulated portion of their labor—are obliged to participate in preparations for war, and in war itself, also brought on not by themselves but by some one else—are obliged to obey laws established not by themselves but by others. They are, it is true, assured that whilst obeying certain unknown individuals in all these cases of the utmost importance for their life, they obey not others but themselves, since they have elected one out of a thousand representatives unknown to them. But this can be believed only by him who wishes and requires to deceive himself and others.

Whilst belonging to a State a man cannot be free. And the greater the State the more is violence necessary, and the less is true freedom possible.

To form one combination out of the most diverse nationalities and people, such as Britain, Russia, Austria, and to retain them in this combination, very much coercion is necessary. Although less coercion is necessary for maintaining the unity of men in small States, such as Sweden, Portugal, or Switzerland, yet, on the other hand, in these small States it is more difficult for the subjects to evade the demands of the authorities; therefore the sum of non-freedom, of coercion, is the same as in large States.

To bind and keep together a bundle of wood a strong rope is necessary and a certain tension of it. So also to keep together in one State a great collection of men a certain degree of applied coercion is necessary. In the case of the wood the difference may be only in its relative position, in such and not other pieces of wood being directly submitted to the pressure of the rope, but the power holding them together is one and the same in whatever position the pieces may be placed. It is the same with coercive States of whatever kind, a despotism, a constitutional monarchy, an oligarchy, a republic. If the union of men is maintained by coercion, *i.e.*, by the establishment by some people of laws forcibly applied by others, then there will always exist coercion, equal in force, of some people over others. In one place it will manifest itself in coarse violence, in another in the power of money. The difference will be only that in one coercive State organization, the coercion will weigh more upon a certain section of people, whilst in another organization, on another.

State coercion may be compared to a black thread upon which beads are loosely strung. The beads are men. The black thread is the State. So long as the beads are on the thread they will not be able to move freely. They may all be gathered together on one side, and on this side the black thread will not be visible between them, but on the other side a large portion of the thread will be bare (despotism), One may arrange the beads together in separate groups, leaving corresponding intervals of black thread between these groups (constitutional monarchy). One may leave a small portion of thread between each bead (republic). But so long as the beads are not taken off the thread, so long as the thread is not severed, the black thread cannot possibly be concealed.

So long as the State and the coercion necessary for its maintenance exist in whatever form, there will not, there cannot be freedom, true freedom, that which all men have always understood and do understand by that word.

"But how can men possibly live without the State?" is generally asked by those who have become so accustomed to every man, not only being the son of his parents, the descendant of his ancestors, living by the labor he has chosen, and above all, not only being a man, but being also a Frenchman or an Englishman, a German, an American, a Russian, *i.e.*, belonging to this or that coercive organization which is called France with its Algeria, Annam, Nice, &c., or Britain with its alien populations of India, Egypt, Australia, Canada, or Austria with its nationalities not united internally in any way, or to such mixed and enormous States as the United States or Russia. These men have become so accustomed to this that it seems to them as impossible to live without belonging to these combinations possessing no internal meaning, as thousands of years ago it appeared to people impossible to live without offering sacrifices to gods, and without oracles directing their actions.

How can men live without belonging to any Government?

Why, exactly as they now live, only without doing those silly and evil

things they now do in the name of this dreadful superstition. They will live as they now live, but without depriving their families of the products of their labors, that they may devote them in the form of taxes and duties to the evil deeds of men unknown to them; they will live without participating either in coercion, or law courts, or wars organized by these men.

Yes; it is merely this superstition in our time, quite void of sense, that gives to some hundreds of men an insane and utterly unjustifiable power over millions, and deprives these millions of true freedom. A man living in Canada, Kansas, Bohemia, Little Russia, or Normandy, cannot be free so long as he considers himself, and often with pride, a subject of Great Britain, the United States, Austria, Russia, France. Nor can Governments whose vocation consists in maintaining the unity of such impossible and senseless combinations as Russia, Britain, Germany, France, give their subjects real freedom, and not its mere counterfeit, as is the case with all the artful constitutions, monarchical, republican, or democratic. The principal if not the only cause of the absence of freedom is the State superstition. People can indeed be deprived of liberty also in the absence of the State. But whilst they belong to a State, there cannot be liberty.

Those now participating in the Russian Revolution do not understand this. They are striving for various liberties for the subjects of the Russian State, imagining that in this consists the purpose of the Revolution now taking place. But its purpose and ultimate result is much more far-reaching than the revolutionists see. This object is emancipation from State coercion; and towards this great revulsion is leading that complex work of mistakes and evil deeds which is now taking place on the decaying surface of the enormous Russian population, amongst a small portion of the urban classes, the so-called intellectuals and factory workmen. All this complex activity, chiefly proceeding from the lowest impulses of vengeance, spite, or ambition, has for the mass of the Russian nation only one significance; it serves to show the nation what they should not do, and what they can and should do. It must serve to demonstrate all the futility of the substitution for one form of Government coercion and evil-doing of another form of Government coercion and evil-doing, and destroy in their consciousness the superstition and spell of Statedom.

The Russian people, the great majority, observing present events and all the new forms of violence manifested in the cruel revolutionary activity of wreckings, devastations, strikes, depriving whole populations of their livelihood, and, above all, of fratricidal strife, are beginning to understand the evil not only of the former State coercion under which they have lived and from which they have already suffered so much, but also of that new thing, still State coercion, which is now being manifested by similar but new deceits and atrocities, and that neither one nor the other is better or worse, but that both are bad; and that therefore they should free themselves from all State coercion, and that this is very easy and possible.

The people, especially the Russian agricultural people, the great majority, who have lived and are living by solving all their social questions through the village assembly without needing any Government, contemplating present events will unavoidably come to understand that they require no Government at all, whether the most despotic or the most democratic, just as a man does not require to be bound by any chains, whether of brass or iron, whether short or long. The

nation requires no special separate forms of freedoms, but only one true, complete, simple freedom.

And as it is always the case, that the solution of apparently difficult problems is most simple, so also now for the attainment not of these or those forms of freedoms, but of this one true and complete freedom, it is not strife with the governmental power which is necessary, nor the invention of any particular kind of representation, which could but conceal from men their state of slavery, but only one thing: disobedience.

Let the people only cease to obey the Government, and there will be neither taxes, nor seizure of land, nor prohibitions from the authorities, nor soldiery, nor wars. This is so simple and appears so easy. Then why have not men done this hitherto, and why are they yet not doing it? Why, because if one is not to obey the Government one has to obey God, *i.e.*, to live a righteous and moral life.

Only in that degree in which men live such a life, *i.e.*, obey God, can they cease to obey men and become free.

One cannot say to one's self, I will not obey men. It is possible not to obey men only when one obeys the higher law of God, common to all. One cannot be free whilst trangressing the higher universal law of mutual service, as it is trangressed by the life of the wealthy, and of the town classes who live by the labor of the working, especially of the agricultural, people. A man can be free only in the degree in which he fulfils the higher law. The fulfilment of this law is not only difficult but almost impossible in the town and factory organization of society, where man's success is founded upon contest with other men. It is only possible and easy under agricultural conditions of life, when all man's efforts are directed to a struggle with nature. Therefore the liberation of men from obedience to government, and from the belief in the artificial combination of States and of the fatherland, must lead them to the natural, joyous, and in the highest degree moral life of agricultural communities, subject only to their own regulations, realizable by all, and founded, not on coercion, but on mutual agreement.

In this lies the essence of the great revulsion approaching for all Christian nations.

How this revulsion will take place, what steps it will go through, it is not given to us to know, but we do know it is inevitable, for it is taking place and has already been partly realized in the consciousness of men.

Conclusion.

The life of men consists only in this: that time keeps further and further unfolding that which was concealed, and showing the correctness or incorrectness of the way along which they have advanced in the past. Life is the enlightenment of the consciousness concerning the falsity of former foundations and the establishment of new ones and the realization of them. The life of mankind, as well as that of the individual man, is a growth out of a former state into a new one. This growth is inevitably accompanied by the recognition of one's mistakes and liberation from them.

But there are periods, both in the life of the whole of mankind as well as in that of the separate individual, when the mistake committed in the past life is suddenly clearly revealed and the activity which should correct this mistake is elucidated. These are periods of revolution. And in such a position the Christian nations now find themselves.

Mankind used to live according to the law of violence and knew no other. The time came when the progressive

leaders of humanity proclaimed a new law of mutual service, common to all mankind. Men accepted this law, but not in its full meaning, and although they tried to apply it they still continued to live according to the law of violence. Christianity appeared and confirmed the truth that there is only one law common to all men which gives them the greatest welfare—the law of mutual service—and indicated the reason why this law had not been realized in life. It was not realized because man regarded the use of violence as necessary and beneficent for good ends, and regarded the law of retribution as just. Christianity showed that violence is always pernicious, and that retribution cannot be applied by men. But Christian humanity not having accepted this explanation of the law of mutual service common to all men, although it desired to live according to this law, involuntarily continued to live according to the pagan law of violence. Such a contradictory state of things kept increasing the criminality of life, and the external comforts and luxury of the minority, at the same time increasing the slavery and misery of the majority amongst Christian nations.

In latter times the criminality and luxury of the life of one portion, and the misery and slavery of the other portion of Christendom have attained the highest degree, especially amongst those nations which have long ago abandoned the natural life of agriculture and fallen under the deceit of imaginary self-government. These nations, suffering from the misery of their position and the consciousness of the contradiction they are involved in, search for salvation everywhere; in imperialism, militarism, socialism, the seizure of other people's lands, in every kind of strife, in tariffs, technical improvements, in vice, in anything except the one thing which can save them—the freeing of themselves from the superstition of the State, of the fatherland, and the cessation of obedience to coercive State power of any kind whatever.

Owing to their agricultural life, to the absence of the deceit of self-government, to the greatness of their number, and, above all, to the Christian attitude towards violence preserved by the Russian people, this people, after a cruel, unnecessary, and unfortunate war into which they had been drawn by their Government, and after the neglect of their demands that the land taken from them should be returned, have understood sooner than others the principal causes of the calamities of Christendom of our time, and therefore the great revolution impending over all mankind, which can alone save it from its unnecessary sufferings, must begin precisely amongst this people.

Herein lies the significance of the revolution now beginning in Russia. This revolution has not yet begun amongst the nations of Europe and America, but the causes which have called it forth in Russia are the same for all the Christian world; the same Japanese war which has demonstrated to the whole world the inevitable advantage in military art of pagan nations over Christian, the same armaments of the great States reaching the utmost degree of strain and unable ever to cease, and the same calamitous position and universal dissatisfaction of the working people owing to their loss of their natural right to the land.

The majority of Russian people clearly see that the cause of all the calamities they suffer is obedience to power, and that they have before them the choice either of declining to be rational, freebeings, or else of ceasing to obey the Government. And if the people of Europe and America do not yet see this, owing to the bustle of their life and the deceit of self-government, they will very soon see it. Par-

ticipation in the coercion of the government of great States, which they call freedom, has brought and is bringing them to continually increasing slavery and to the calamities flowing from this slavery. These increasing calamities will, in their turn, bring them to the only means of deliverance from them: to the cessation of obedience to Governments, and as a consequence of this cessation of obedience—to the abolition of the coercive combinations of States.

For this great revulsion to take place it is only necessary that men should understand that the State, the fatherland is a fiction; and that life and true liberty are realities; and that therefore it is not life and liberty that should be sacrificed for the artificial combination called the State, but that men ought in the name of true life and liberty to free themselves from the superstition of the State, and from its outcome—criminal obedience to men.

In this alteration of men's attitude towards the State and the authorities is the end of the old and the beginning of the new age.

Leo Tolstoy.

The Fortnightly Review.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.

Towards the end of a busy day in the Law Courts, not very long ago, a small group of men stood in one of the dimly-lighted corridors, on the King's Bench side, discussing the incidents of the sitting. The cause-list had been a more than usually interesting one, both from the legal and the social aspects, and one case in particular had attracted a special share of attention, because the nature of the issues and the personality of the litigants had given promise of an entertaining hearing. The action was now over, and the following reference to it by the little knot of professionals and laymen was overheard.

Well, how did the case go on? There was plenty of fun, I suppose.

Fun! not a bit. It was dismal and not worth listening to. The judge didn't make a single joke.

Why, how is that? Didn't it come before Justice X?

No, worse luck. He would have got some fun out of it. But it was transferred to Justice W.'s court, and W. never made a joke in his life.

To any one unacquainted with the present-day conduct of some of our courts of law, such a revolutionary sentiment would have sounded shocking. To others it was merely repetition of a very common view to which expression is given every day. Beyond question there is growing a perverted idea of the functions of judges, a disposition to estimate his Lordship's fitness for his office not by the measure of his legal attainments but by his jesting qualities. It is regrettable, but true, that a section of the public turns to certain courts of law, which need not be specifically indicated, for such amusement as is the legitimate function of the music-hall or the circus. That being so, it surely indicates that the law, which once stood as the most solid embodiment of dignity in the British constitution, has somehow gone astray. Where does responsibility rest for this violation of tradition? Unquestionably with a select few who are themselves administrators of the law, and who have persistently striven for and acquired the distinction of being the accredited wags of the bench.

For many months there has been in progress a mild form of agitation against these self-created humorists. Some of the more sober-minded judges themselves have joined in it, profes-

sional journals have lent it their support, and many laymen have espoused it in letters to the Press. Very few have denounced it as unjustified, or ventured to applaud these blithesome outbursts from the bench. It is not necessary to dwell upon the personalities that have been introduced. Names have been mentioned without restraint, and they are the names of clever, acute and just administrators of the law, but no purpose is to be served by introducing them in an article which attempts to deal with the subject broadly. It is but right, however, to disclaim association with the views of those who would have it believed that the judges who have entered their protest against indiscriminate joking on the bench are actuated by weak motives. No public servants as a body are less jealous of each other, or more generous in their acknowledgment of personal merit in their ranks, than his Majesty's judges, and there has ever been a kindly note in their admonition.

Two baleful effects are traceable to unregulated and systematic joking on the bench—loss of dignity, and waste of public time in places where delay and procrastination have become proverbial. In regard to loss of dignity there is perhaps a little to be said of a negative character, for it would be an ill compliment to pay to the law to hold it of such sorry substance that it cannot withstand the peculiarities and faults of any single judge or any half-dozen of judges. "It is satisfactory to know," said a writer many years ago, "that respect and veneration for our judicial tribunals do not depend upon any sentimental feelings, but on the moral influence which tends to righteous discharge of their duties by the judges." Be our judges but honest and fair in their decisions they may, it is true, display many defects in other directions without seriously imperilling the dignity of their calling. Yet, while all agree that the real dignity of the law lies in its justice, its strength, its honesty, which are unaffected by personal eccentricities, it is none the less obvious that any departure from dignified methods may tend to create harmful impressions upon the less intelligent classes who view the law and its administration with some hostility.

Even the symbols of the law, wigs, gowns, halberd-men, and so on, grotesque as they may sometimes seem, serve a useful purpose, and could not be abandoned without prejudice. They rest upon tradition, and tradition has a mysterious power that it would be dangerous in this instance to seek to impair. It is seemly that the law should be dignified, and it may sustain its dignity without requiring of its dispensers any unreasonable restraint on personality. In every sphere there must be play of personality. Without it we should be a congregation of mechanical puppets. The solemn visage is the hall-mark of the judge, but to insist upon its presence in every conceivable circumstance would be foolish. Time and circumstance are the guides to its abandonment. There is compensation in the exercise of individuality. Each of us does his best work when the instrument of himself. Far better that a man should be allowed to labor in the spirit with which nature has endowed him than to impose upon him the restraint of alien conduct. Whether his fellows will it or not, he will so work. If the worst that can be said of him is that his temperament inclines to humor, the fault is not a wholly bad one. His judgments will not be less honest for being formulated in a cheerful mind. Courts of law are dull places at best; drowsiness often afflicts them heavily, and energy departs with the absence of interest. The stimulation of a lively passage, be it of language or narrative, is often longed

for. When a member of the bar once apologized to Chief Justice Earle for setting the court in a roar with a quip, his Lordship observed. "The Court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity." Very many are of that opinion to-day, for "gentle dulness dearly loves a joke."

It was recently chronicled that a local magistrate was taken to task by the Home Office for making an observation in regard to motorists which was in no sense humorous except on the ground of its extravagance, although its utterance created much laughter amongst listeners. "It would be a good thing if a few motorists were shot," was the amiable sentiment delivered. It is not this, however, to which I would draw attention, but to the view his Worship expressed when the official rebuke reached him. Observing then that in future he would try to conduct himself with the proverbial solemnity of a judge, he added a regret that a sense of humor appeared to be absent from persons possessed, it might be, of "qualities that were useful, but which perhaps could not be placed on an equal footing with that most excellent gift." With that elevation of the faculty of humor to a high position amongst judicial acquirements I disagree entirely. Although Addison said we would all be wits if we could, and although the judge and the magistrate have more temptation to indulge in witticism than most men could withstand, for litigants and witnesses often unconsciously supply them with the best of material to work upon, yet it is a new theory to advance that facility of jesting is even remotely necessary in a judge. An occasional diversion in appropriate circumstances is entirely pardonable. The judge and the magistrate are, like the rest of us, human beings, and it would be asking of them superhuman qualities to abstain entirely from airy remark which is neither misplaced nor harmful, and, had circumstances and discretion always directed the conduct of our wags of the bench, whether in the police courts or in the higher tribunals, complaint would never have been made, or if made would have been little heeded.

But what are the facts? A rude shock often awaits the man who enters some of our courts with pre-conceived notions of their sobriety. He finds men and women vibrating with laughter and, open-eared, hungering for more amusement, which wig and gown are striving to supply. Below sit the litigants wondering what it all means, and calculating the monetary cost to them of this irrelevant banter. They neither understand nor relish the contest of wits, although the law was made for them, and they have first claim to consideration. They are seeking redress from real or supposed wrongs, or defending their acts. There is no humor in the situation to them. More or less it is a tragedy, a serious epoch in their lives, with fortune, reputation, or even liberty at stake. They are in no mood for jokes; yet the flow of fun goes on continuously. In wit itself there is no merit. Its application gives it worth and value. To evolve a circumstance that shall justify the application is neither effective nor fair. Nevertheless this is positively attempted. That a bid is sometimes made for public favor cannot be denied. There is obvious deliberate preparation of facetious comment to embellish a hearing of which the theme is known beforehand; a "looking round for applause" and "an itching inclination to be commended." This I have observed on many occasions, and my experience is shared by others. Habitual wags of the bench use an autocratic power. Be their jokes good or bad, they must be received with con-

suming satisfaction, expressed on sufferance. I have seen a judge do his best to excite his audience to merriment, and instantly threaten to have the court cleared if laughter did not cease. As well accuse the river of perversity in flowing downwards. The act struck me as intensely foolish: a belated effort to hide a piece of juggiery. All wags are prone to appraise their own wit highly, forgetful that every man is a judge of wit unto himself, and that what may send one into hysterics will but lengthen the face of another. When the occasion is congenial joking has an element of danger. When the time is ill-chosen it is decidedly harmful. When, regardless of time and circumstances, it is indulged in for mere self-gratification it is cruel—cruel to the innocent litigant who has to pay for the waste of time, cruel to those who have other business to attend to.

I am well aware there is liability in this matter to construct a mountain out of a molehill. It would be wrong to assume from the bitterness of some critics that from half-past ten in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon his Lordship or his Worship is industriously cracking jokes.. Support of that belief may be engendered by newspaper reports, which are necessarily abbreviated and justifiably prepared with a view to the recording of the lighter and more entertaining incidents. The amount of time consumed by waggish interludes is not nearly so great as many people suppose. There may be half a dozen or a dozen quips and quirks distributed over a working day of five hours. He would be a judge of exceptional humor, with exceptional opportunities, who exceeded that number. And in their delivery perhaps as many minutes are absorbed. If time is to be wasted, far better waste it pleasantly than tediously. But it is better still not to waste it at all if waste can by any means be prevented, especially in places where there is already complaint of chronic delay. A passing jest in season no one will decry. But habitual jesting in and out of season is lamentable. Litigants, torn with the anxiety of suspense, professional men, laboring with pressure of work, the public, whose pockets maintain the law and its administrators,—these have a right to complain. No man should be condemned without the power of protest to have his greatest trials turned into sources of judicial gaiety or of popular amusement. The time is his which he pays for. How often is that elementary fact disregarded!

If the wit dispensed were always of the sparkling kind there would be less disposition to rail against it, even though it wasted valuable time. But let us take a recent example of the kind of thing which passes for judicial humor, and is received in court with laughter and delight. A plaintiff brought an action to recover damages for personal injuries sustained through the upsetting of a wagonette in which he was riding while on a tour in Scotland.

Counsel (to witness): You say the horses were restive, and looked as if they had had plenty of oats?

The Judge: Is it not a fact that in Scotland the people eat all the oats?

Counsel: It used to be so.

The Judge: I gather it from Johnson's dictionary, which says, "Oats, the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland."

Another witness: The horses were perfectly quiet.

Counsel: As quiet as lambs?

The Judge: Lambs are not quiet.

Counsel: I mean senile sheep.

When such brilliant wit is to be heard in the Royal Courts of Justice for nothing is it to be wondered at that idlers on whom time hangs wea-

rily wend their way thither, and music-hall proprietors complain of bad business? For the poor learned counsel there was some excuse; to have resented his Lordship's joviality might have secured him disfavor. But for the judge there was no disfavor to be feared except perhaps from the contending parties, who of course do not count.

Sober-minded people view the position with excusable alarm. Quite rightly they point to the evil effects of indiscriminate joking upon jurors. The attitude of the judge weighs heavily with these gentlemen, most of them, perhaps, laboring for the first time with new duties. Small matters influence verdicts. The view a serious-minded jury are inclined to take on the merits of a case may be entirely subverted by the mood or the conduct of the judge. If he chooses to treat a matter lightly and frivolously, what wonder if an impressionable jury take the cue and frame their verdict accordingly. Thereby gross injustice may be done to some party seeking justice. An episode in the life of Mr. Justice Stephen, himself prone at times to wander into realms of irrelevancy, forcibly illustrates how ultimately he came to appreciate this very important bearing of the matter. In a slander action emanating from Billingsgate both judge and counsel for the defence discovered in the strange colloquialisms of that enlightened locality excellent material for the exercise of humor, and for some time the court was kept in hilarious mood by the flow of banter. Fearing that by this diversion the real seriousness of the case was in danger of being overlooked, and that there was a possibility of injury being done to his client, counsel for the prosecution, when his turn came to speak again, made a strong protest. The judge at once saw the error he had committed, and after summing up in favor of the plaintiff, for whom judgment was eventually entered, he handed down to prosecuting counsel the following apologetic little note: "Dear ——, I am very grateful to you for preventing me from doing a great act of injustice."

In one of the last matters heard in the Court of Appeal before the recent Long Vacation, counsel advanced as a substantial ground of appeal the plea that at the trial of the action the jury were led away from the real issue by the amusing cross-examination of his learned opponent "assisted by the learned judge."

Making all allowance for the fact that the issues are usually not so serious in a civil as in a criminal trial, or in a police court as at an assize, there is still something inharmonious and jarring in the exercise of jocular remark where even civil rights only are being contested. If the disinterested observer experiences this, how much more so the interested and unfortunate party to the action. However ignorant or thick-skinned he be, a person defending his interests is entitled to the respect and tactful consideration of those who sit in judgment upon him. He is not, as a rule, a willing creator of humorous episode. The sally which sets the court in a roar may cut him to the quick and prolong his suspense. He pays for the glory which another thoughtlesssly seeks to acquire—the glory of being regarded as clever and quick at repartee. He is a helpless victim, handicapped all round. Let him show ever so small a disposition to try a little joking on his own part, and down upon him comes the wrath of the horror-stricken, outraged monopolist—the "Be careful, sir, remember you are in a Court of Justice, not a theatre"; the "Answer the question, sir, I am not here to bandy words with you"; the "Listen to me, sir, you must not waste the time of the court."

This is ungenerous. If there is to be

a contest of wit, let it be open to all legitimate competitors — judges and magistrates, counsel and solicitors, litigants, witnesses and jurors. And why not the ushers too, for was it not an Irish usher, who, desiring to thin off the crowd in his court, cried, "All ye blackguar-r-ds as izn't lawyers lave the coort.' In such competitions the cups and medals would not all go to the bench and the bar. But the ushers are too profoundly impressed with their dignified office to ask for latitude, the jurors court nothing that will prolong their attendance, the witnesses and litigants have no appetite for frivolity. Only the bench, the bar, and unoccupied spectators really relish the delectation, for they lose nothing by it. No one begrudges them a timely, applicable, and fleeting jest now and again, but the consistent turning of all manner of circumstances into occasions for humor, the dominant anxiety to utter that which will win the favors of the multitude, the absorbing desire to "go one better"—these are phases of conduct very prominent in some places, that are neither commendable nor legitimate. It was positively stated by a critic of the judicial humorist not long ago that during the trial of a man for murder he personally heard a jest attempted. If that be true, bad taste could go no further. But there is no need to drag in so extreme an illustration. Much less flagrant abuses give sufficient ground for protest. The purpose of the law should be borne in mind, the position and feelings of the litigant should be respected, the saving of public time, which involves the economy of both public money and private means, should not be subserved to that self-gratification which is too often the obvious end and aim of accredited wits of the bench.

Frederick Payler.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER V.

SIR MATTHEW DANE GOES WALKING.

That night Squire Silas, lean and grim, sat over the embers of a dying fire alone. To him came Sir Matthew, crying, "My dear brother——!" and in tender affliction could say no more. Impulsively he flung out both hands. Silas Dane looked up.

"You are kind, Matthew," he said quietly, and held one hand a moment. So Matthew sat down and wiped his mouth.

"You have heard, then?" he said in the tone of relief, then became lachrymose again: "I heard but an hour ago. I ordered my horse on the instant. Dear brother, a sore blow!" Silas stared at the fire.

"Would that it had been I!" he answered, and Sir Matthew started at an aspiration so marvellous. "Better the old tree. But I am proud of my son."

"Proud?" Sir Matthew echoed and gaped. "Proud—oh—ay—I take you. Sure I can never hold the boy guilty of treason, neither." Pale blue eyes turned upon him glittering, eloquent of scorn.

"Treason? Treason to slay this whoremaster, this man of blood, this——"

"Silas! Silas!" Sir Matthew cried in horror. "Bethink you—'tis your King!"

"I have no King but God. I am earnest in prayer that the man Charles Stuart may not go down to his grave in peace. I give thanks that my boy hath sought to be his Ehud."

"But they say it was murder he

planned," Sir Matthew suggested, who had excellent knowledge of what they said. Silas laughed.

"Murder? Did Jehu murder who smote Jehoram in his chariot? Did ——" A cry at the door happily cut off the catalogue.

"Master Tom have a bubbled of he! Ho, ho! Master Tom have a bubbled of he!" and Mr. Smithers waddled cursing into the room while the old butler chuckled behind him. Sir Matthew started up, became pale yellow, and stammered:

"Sirrah—sirrah——" But Mr. Smithers scowled.

"I demands for to search this house and tenements in the King's name!" he cried.

"Ay, ay. Ye may seerch he up and seerch he down, and seerch he cross and athurt and find pig's leavings for all, Bandylegs," the butler chuckled. Silas Dane turned, made a sign for silence, and glowered upon Mr. Smithers.

"You have searched once, fellow."

"And fine and naughty treasonous writings we did find laid by, stick me. Now, Mr. Jack Presbyter, your rogue of a son be turned bolter, and I be here to smoke un out of his hole."

"Mr. Dane escaped you, sirrah?" cried Sir Matthew.

"The prigster scoured with our horses."

"Then, fellow, let me tell you that ——" Sir Matthew suddenly restrained his wrath and told him nothing. Whereat Mr. Smithers laughed.

"Ods bones, I knew as one man would be mighty gay at hearing of it. Odso, come on, boys!"

The damp tipstaffs surged in, and with oaths and violence to the wainscot began to hunt. But since Mr. Dane was somewhere else they did not find him there. While they rummaged, even when they were gone, Silas Dane sat still in his big chair and rested his head on his hand. Sir Matthew fidgeted, watching Mr. Smithers furtively, who shrugged his shoulders and grinned when he caught Sir Matthew's eye. Mr. Smithers went out last. And then, "Brother, I am heartily glad," said Sir Matthew, having taken time to mature that feeling. A ghostly chuckle came from behind the door, where Mr. Smithers listened. Silas did not look up.

"I would have chosen that he should die," he said slowly.

"Lud, brother!" Sir Matthew was shocked by the callous sire.

"Not without blood will the deliverance come. Not without blood. The Beast is with power. I would have had my boy of the martyrs. God forgive me if that be frowardness. Many must be killed before the idolater, seed of that old serpent, Charles Stuart——"

"Brother! brother!" Sir Matthew cried, catching a rustle at the door. "Have a care." Silas Dane looked up and Sir Matthew pointed to the keyhole. Silas laughed.

"Ay, it were grievous that you should be taken listening to treason. You had best flee speedily, Matthew."

"Brother, you are unjust," cried Sir Matthew indignant. Silas laughed again.

"Nay, go, go!" And that was Sir Matthew's desire so.

"Not in anger, then!" he said, and held out his hand. "Sure, we are brothers always." He looked into his brother's cold eyes.

According to his expectation, he found Mr. Smithers without, and from him heard the lamentable history of the dive and the hat and the horses. At the end of which he was constrained to call Mr. Smithers an ass. "So I be, or I would not be what I be," said Mr. Smithers philosophically. "But what I asks 'e Sir Matthew be this: not what be I, but where be he?" To which Sir Matthew, being exceeding angry, replied by calling him fool

again. So Mr. Smithers wished him pleasant dreams and went off to hunt in the barns.

The white mist hid the ground and condensed in chill drops on Sir Matthew's nose. On the park of Bourne lay the dead silence of a winter's night. When his own horse whinnied Sir Matthew started in the saddle and peered round. He saw nothing but the wet white cloud, heard nothing, and so passed out of the park, and on by the track through the heather. Here and there a fir loomed gaunt above him or a clump of gorse rose dark out of the mist; but still the only sound was of his own riding, the splash of a hoof in a stagnant pool. He had come over the brow of the little hill to the corner where four tracks met when first he heard a thud behind him. He reined up, listened, could hear nothing. He rode on again. Again came the sound of hoofs.

"Who comes?" he cried, reining round. On the word came the scurry of a canter, a horseman broke through the mist to his side.

"Dear uncle, should I leave you without thanks?" cried Mr. Dane, and caught his uncle's bridle. "Ride on, brave knight!" he jerked the horse round, and they trotted on shoulder to shoulder.

"Tom—my dear boy—this roughness—let me give you joy."

"Dear uncle—my wetness—you shall give me your cloak." Mr. Dane, spurring on, disrobed his amazed uncle. "Also your hat. Dear uncle, thank heaven that I had no wig to lose. Else had you gone home bald as you were born. And now, dear uncle, your purse!"

"Dear lad, this is folly!" Sir Matthew cried. "O, stop and consider——"

"Nay, trot and deliver!" Sir Matthew tried to rein up. "Dear uncle——" Mr. Dane slipped his own reins under his leg, caught Sir Matthew's in his left hand, and so freeing his right, delivered a lusty buffet—"you outrage the ties of kinship," he said plaintively, as his uncle retired backward over the tail of his steed. His uncle had no more than sat up and pushed the wig out of his eyes when Mr. Dane was standing over him. "You grieve me. Nay, you pain me. Do you rub yourself? Think of me who rub my affections, my bruised illusions. Now, dear uncle, that purse." Sir Matthew, sitting in a puddle, groaned.

"Thomas—this violence—these wild words. You forget yourself. Do you doubt me, do——"

"Nay, uncle, not I."

"Can you think that I should betray you?"

"Why no—not in person. It were indecent. But, uncle, that purse!" he pounced upon his uncle and swiftly extracted the black pounch of calf's skin. Then, with his foot in the stirrup, laughing: "Dear uncle, salute for me your noble allies—Mr. Smithers—Mistress Charlbury—my very good Lord Sunderland."

"Thomas, you think me a traitor?" cried his outraged uncle.

"Dear uncle, devil a bit! Without a horse!" Mr. Dane galloped off with the two steeds and was swiftly hidden in the mist.

So Sir Matthew must needs trudge three muddy miles in his riding boots. That was doubtless of service to his invaluable health, for the mist had been cold on an uncloaked rider, and walking brought him heat.

Two days after, a horse-coper of Dorking came with an offer to sell him his own cob for one hundred pounds.

Sir Matthew was deeply moved. He stormed mightily, and swore that the horse-coper should smell the smell of Guildford gaol. At which the horse-coper grinned largely. Sir Matthew raved anew, and the horse-coper remarked that he were a very fine talker.

The gentleman, he added, had advised him to take the cob to my Lord Sunderland, and state that this was Sir Matthew Dane's beast lent to his nephew for escape. "But bless 'e, I ben't minded to be hard on gentry," quoth the amiable horse-coper, and grinned again.

Sir Matthew gaped and gasped and paid the money in a hurry. The horse-coper went radiant away, and Sir Matthew strove to console himself with the reflection that at least he would not have to pay my Lord Sunderland for sparing his nephew's life. The world, nevertheless, appeared to Sir Matthew deceitful and desperately wicked.

Mr. Smithers had discovered his steeds tethered tidily in the village gravel-pit. For all else his portion was, according to the word of the prophetic butler, pig's leavings.

CHAPTER VI.

A FRENCHMAN DRINKS OCTOBER.

Now my Lord Sunderland timed admirably well his conversion to the cause of divine hereditary right. He was (my Lord Halifax said it) "a little before the mobile, a little behind the wits." The apt place this for statesmen who must ever seem to lead, yet never make men fear that they be wise. The Papists came out of hiding. The Whigs went into their places. Whig plots became the fashion in Westminster Hall, Whig legs on Temple Bar. And my Lord Sunderland found them profitable as the staler kind of old. Those that had set the mobile howling for Papistical blood heard it yell for their own, and, to be just, died decently. Their devil of blood-thirst was not easily laid or soon. The Whigs paid their murders treble-tale. Church and King forgot no debts. The lawyers raved in a long debauch of slaughter, and King Charles laughing found (he said) peace at last.

In four years Whig-killing lost its flavor. The Whig leaders were in quarters or exile. Then King Charles died more gentlemanly than he had lived, and James his brother was King in his stead. James II. was marvellously acclaimed—King by divine ordinance and three votes in the House of Lords. He was indeed a Papist, but for that "we have the word of a King for our faith," cried a parson to my Lord Halifax, "of a King who was never worse than his word." My Lord Halifax took snuff: "This is treason, doctor," said he.

But the kingdom reeked of loyalty. The few Whigs who found themselves in the House of Commons (Mr. Wharton compared them privately to the household of Lot in the town of Sodom) gave up their party name and wisely attempted nothing. The King was dominant as never his brother had been, and found a most admirable tool of autocracy in my Lord Sunderland.

It is recorded that King James in those months of domination looked happy. But his bastard nephew, James, Duke of Monmouth, speedily unfurled in Devon the blue flag of Protestant revolt, and proclaimed that the King was his mortal and bloody enemy, a tyrant, and a usurper. This eloquence brought to him a throng of west-country peasants, and King James began to be afraid. My Lord Sunderland also began to be afraid. The scandalous Court whispered that my Lord Sunderland was playing double.

But the Whiggish shires—the Midlands, the Fens—were quiet as the grave. What Whig leaders were left whole, my Lord Devonshire, Mr. Russell, Mr. Wharton, gave no sign. To Mr. Wharton came in anguish a veteran of plots, Colonel John Wildman, and begged him in the name of things human and divine declare for Monmouth. "The Lord is on our side, Mr. Wharton!" he cried. "Te-hee," says Mr. Wharton, "the Lord loves

fools no more than I, Jack Wildman." Nor then nor after had Mr. Wharton a mind to be hanged or help his friends to a hanging. So he winked to the Midlands shires and they lay still.

Monmouth's army grew and multiplied in the west, and my Lord Sunderland fluttered and fidgeted at Whitehall. At last Churchill and the Guards met his Grace of Monmouth in the Somersetshire marshes. The silly rustic army stayed to fight it out, and were slain in their ranks. The Duke of Monmouth ran away, and was thereafter caught in a ditch.

So he was brought to the Tower. He begged (not very bravely) to see the King. The King granted his petition. The unkind at Court whispered that his Grace would surely blab of my Lord Sunderland's treason. But they were put to confusion. His Grace of Monm uth did but beg humbly for his life. He was incontinently beheaded. My Lord Sunderland's honor was shown spotless to a wondering world.

Then began a new great slaughter. My Lord Jeffrey made holiday. Not only those that had fought for Monmouth, not only those that had given his hunted soldiers shelter, any man whom the King or a courtier deemed dangerous, any man by whose death some rogue might gain—all must fear a hanging. Gibbets lined the high roads in the west and the south. The King knew nothing of mercy. What pardons came were bought with good guineas. The Queen and her women filled their jewel-boxes with the price of lives. And my Lord Sunderland prospered vastly. It was a great and profitable massacre. But faintly through the glee of the Court was heard a murmur of distaste. A lord, a Tory lord, dare tell the King that the air stank with his traitors. To requite him, my Lord Jeffreys, a man of delicate humor, hanged a man in chains at his park gates. And yet, to the King's surprise, the murmur grew.

On a bright November afternoon of this happy year two guests came to the "White Lion" in Guildford.

"Stop is it?" says one as the first dismounted. "Sure I am heartily with you, Beaujeu. But I would be glad to know what we'll be doing here."

"I also, Healy." Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and looked at M. de Beaujeu. They were a pair more than common tall and long-limbed, with no burden of flesh, and in holsters and belts they bore each two pair of pistols.

"You are troublous with your riddles," said Mr. Healy as the ostler came running. "Now this is a mighty fine town of yours." The ostler grinned and pulled his forelock as at a tribute to himself. "I'll wager you'll have been here before, Beaujeu?"

"Guilford, is it not?" says Beaujeu to the ostler, who gaped at the ignorance. Mr. Healy chuckled. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture at the inn. "A house for gentlemen—yes?"

"Oons, we has none but the gentry."

"It is ver' well; there!" M. de Beaujeu bestowed silver with a lordly gesture and swaggered away, bearing his pistols. Mr. Healy followed, to find him saluting graciously the landlord, and demanding

"The good wine, the good supper, the good beds?"

"'Tis a desperate trinity to ask of one inn," says Mr. Healy.

"Why, sir, yes, sir. But the 'White Lion' has 'em all in his belly," quoth the plump landlord. M. de Beaujeu clapped him on the shoulder and laughed merrily.

"Good, good! He is a wit, our host. My friend, let us enter the amiable belly of the 'White Lion.'"

"'Tis surpassing the late Daniel," says Mr. Healy, and followed into the oak parlor.

There, on the black wainscot, the sunlight flamed in many colors split by the rough glass of the casements; there, gorgeous also in crimson and purple broadcloth, with faces to match, stood two lusty squires. They appeared to disagree, for

"Oons, Sir Richard, I swear it is a dirty trick, and a dirty trick it is!" cries one.

"And, damme, Zouch, I say he is a vile Whig; and if you take his part you be no better!"

"Whig, sir?"

"Damme, Whig. Swallow that, Zouch!" Hands had come to sword-hilts when M. de Beaujeu said blandly:

"Monsieur, servant—servant, monsieur," and gave a magnificent pair of bows. Breathing hard, they turned and stared at him, and he smiled and looked vastly amiable. "Messieurs—an honor—may I beg? But to drink a cup of wine." Sir Richard bowed stiffly and clapped on his hat.

"Servant, mossoo. I have other work. Zouch!"

"Curse me, I wait for you!" Zouch growled.

"Oh, messieurs; I am desolated. But I challenge you then——"

"You?" the two roared together.

"Ah, messieurs, but in kindness—in kindness. To drink to your King. An Englishman, he refuses that challenge never—*hein?*" M. de Beaujeu smiled archly.

"Not I, damme!" says Sir Richard; and

"Have with you, mossoo"; Mr. Zouch, anxious for his loyal repute.

"I am honored of you, messieurs. But wine, then, wine!"

M. de Beaujeu lifted up his voice, and the drawer appeared.

"Odso, mossoo, but my stomach 'll not stomach your claret," said Sir Richard hastily.

"*Hélas*, monsieur, what you lose! But me, I shall drink the ale, then, the ale of Old England. Yes?"

"And a damned good liquor, mossoo." Mr. Zouch felt it due to himself to be truculent. M. de Beaujeu laughed and tossed back his black curls, revealing thereby a scar from his ear to his big chin.

"Too good for dirty Whigs, Ned Zouch! And there is for you!" cried Sir Richard; but the pacific Mr. Healy, clapping each on the shoulder, struck in laughing:

"But for jolly Tories a liquor to drown in, eh, gentlemen?" and

"*Allons, allons*, drown us!" said M. de Beaujeu hastily to the drawer, who vanished at once. The two honest squires glared at each other. In a moment the tankards were brought. They drank deep to King James, and the squires, gasping, glared again.

"Now, here's hell to you Whigs, Ned Zouch!" cried Sir Richard, and drank again once more.

"Hell to all Whigs—and all liars, Sir Richard!" roared Mr. Zouch; which sent Sir Richard's liquor awry, and, dropping his tankard, he sprang forward spluttering.

Mr. Healy intervened. "Sure, you are very tumultuous, gentlemen," says he.

"Ods blood, sir, he called me liar!" roared Sir Richard.

"Begad, you called me Whig," says Mr. Zouch. "Now, mossoo, and you, sir, be you judges——"

"Aha; it is a point of honor? Good! I love them." M. de Beaujeu kissed his hands to points of honor.

"You must know, mossoo, we have devilish few Whigs here in Surrey——"

"I felicit you," says M. de Beaujeu.

"But there was one, a sour old saint, Squire Silas Dane——"

"What a name of horror!" says monsieur.

"Begad, mossoo, he was as horrid as his name. Had a conventicle in his

stable and preached to his servants, the ranting, canting Jack Presbyter!"

"But your eloquence!" monsieur murmured.

"Oons, no honest gentleman has a good word for him. Nor have I, damme. Mark ye that, mossoo."

"I mark it," says monsieur, "with impressment."

"His son, now, I wunuot say as I had no liking for his son——"

"How? He had a son? A vile Whig to have a son? Impudent! But you liked him, monsieur? Ah! what condescensions. Pardon. Continue then."

"Yes, he had a son Tom. Well, Tom Dane, he fled the country——"

"Damme, with the tipstaffs after him, Ned Zouch, mind ye that," growled Sir Richard.

"The miserable! Another vile Whig—*hein?*"

"Why, mossoo, I do have doubts. He'd an eye for a lass and a mouth for a bottle, and your Whigs be surly saints for such. But Tom hath no more to do here than this—when he was fled and attainted the heir to Squire Silas was his brother Sir Matthew of Send Place." Mr. Zouch paused for breath and a drink. M. de Beaujeu played with his mug, and murmured:

"Continue. Continue always, monsieur."

"Well, mossoo, a long tale and a dry tale I do make. But I had to tell you this or you would be no judge of the rest—you would be at sixes and sevens with it." Mr. Zouch took another drink.

"But you are to me ver' delightful," says monsieur.

"Now belike you have heard tell of the bastard Monmouth's damned rebellion?"

"Ah, a crime foul, unnatural!"

"And a fool crime, too," Mr. Healy put in.

"Oons, gentlemen, I am with you there. Well, now some of his runaways (blast their bones!) came running to Squire Silas and he hid them in his loft. Now mark ye, moosoo, 'twas a damnable disloyal trick, and I do say I am as hot against that as any man."

"Your adorable loyalty!" M. de Beaujeu murmured, and, leaning back in the shadow, put his mug to his lips.

"But, damme, I do hold to it that for his own brother to smoke him and bear tales to the tipstaffs was a damnable——" Mr. de Beaujeu put down his ale in a hurry, and leant forward breathing hard. Mr. Healy stepped swiftly between him and the light.

"Here, mossoo, what ails you?" cried Sir Richard, for the Frenchman's face even in the shadow showed white, and the line of his scar was livid. M. de Beaujeu laughed:

"*Hélas*, messieurs, this old October—it is ver' strong—I think it has waked my gout." He rose and limped away down the room. "But continue, continue always," he gasped over his shoulder.

"An old wound—the gout strikes it—'tis a damned thing, gout gentlemen," says Mr. Healy sympathetically.

"Begad, so it is," quoth Sir Richard with fervor.

"But continue, monsieur," cried M. de Beaujeu sharply.

"Ods blood, mossoo, I am done. I say for brother to hang brother for the sake of his acres is a damnable dirty trick, and I do hold that."

"And I say, damme," Sir Richard cried, "a loyal gentleman could do no less than hang the dirty Whig."

"Sure 'twas Roman virtue," says Mr. Healy. "And to know he would be gaining by it must have made it mighty hard for the dear Sir Matthew. 'Tis a gentleman I would like to be meeting."

"Bah," says Mr. Zouch. "Well, mossoo?"

M. de Beaujeu turned and smiled upon him. "Ah, messieurs it grieves me that two brave gentlemen quarrel over one nasty Whig. *Mordieu*, he is hanged soon. What imports how? In a week his quarters, they will feed the crows."

"Damme, in a day," says Sir Richard, chuckling.

"So? Reason the more to forget. Eh, drown his memory in another cup. Mr. Zouch—to all loyal gentlemen—nay, drink, Sir Richard—to all loyal hearts. Good, good! So you have drunk to yourselves, each to the other": he laughed and rubbed his hands. "Also to the brave Sir Matthew Dane." Mr. Zouch gaped. Sir Richard scratched his wig.

"Nor I would not drink to him neither," Sir Richard muttered, and looked round for an explanation of his own mingled puzzling sympathies. Mr. Healy supplied it.

"Sure, gentlemen, you are both of a mind. You both hate Whigs and you both hate rogues, and one hates t'other more than t'other hates one. And 'tis mighty honorable in both of you." On which lucid statement Sir Richard gave a hoarse chuckle and cried:

"Damme, so it is! Here, Ned Zouch," and he flung out his hand. Mr. Zouch met it. "Oons, mossoo, we be your debtors. This is better than sticking each other, what, Ned? Curse me, I would have hated to stick ye."

"Begad, so would I. Mossoo——"

"Messieurs, the pleasure is mine, quite mine." M. de Beaujeau made them a bow of such magnificence that the two honest squires were abashed and shuffled. They begged him come to Ripley, to Horsley, and they would show him a partridge worth shooting and an ale worth drinking, and departed.

Mr. Healy, having watched them out, turned to the pale face and the gleaming eyes of M. de Beaujeu. "Now I would be glad to know where you have gout, Beaujeu," says he with a grin. M. de Beaujeu was not amused.

"This squire—Silas Dane—I knew him," he said slowly.

"Now I wondered what we would be doing here," says Mr. Healy.

"My God, do you think I guessed this?" cried Beaujeu. Mr. Healy stared. Then monsieur laughed. "Bah, the more fool I!" and sat down and cuddled his chin.

The Monthly Review. *(To be continued.)* *H. C. Bailey.*

THE REVIEWING OF FICTION.

It is doubtless a delicate and invidious proceeding on the part of a novelist to venture to criticize the methods of Press reviewers of his particular branch of literature. Such a novelist must, in all probability, be content to be regarded as suffering from an attack of spleen, produced by wounded vanity. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the present system of reviewing works of fiction is far from being satisfactory either to novelists or to the general mass of novel-readers. I may, perhaps, be allowed to place the case of the novel-writer before that of the novel-reader; since reviewing, if the novelist be a conscientious writer, should be the means whereby he may learn the error of his ways and enable him to use the criticisms on his work as stepping-stones to lead him to more artistic heights. But, where doctors disagree—and I contend that a reviewer of fiction should be nothing if not a species of literary doctor—how is an unfortunate novelist, especially if he

be new to his craft, to realize with any degree of certainty his artistic and literary weaknesses? and from what professional adviser is he to learn to remedy his maladies?

We are frequently told that well-known authors, who are sure of themselves and of their public, do not trouble themselves as to what reviewers may or may not say regarding their methods and their work. I venture to disbelieve the statement. I am confident that the ledgers of the various press-cutting agencies could tell a very different tale; and that there exist few writers, well known or the reverse, who are of so lofty and serene a spirit as entirely to ignore the attitude of the Press towards their work. If such there be, it is probable that they are to be met with rather among the ranks of the poets (who are accustomed to be misunderstood) than among writers of fiction.

It would not, I imagine, be difficult for any fairly well-known novelist to point to criticisms of his books, extracted from leading organs of the Press, in direct contradiction one to another; and, if I mistake not, we have Mr. Punch's word for it that the same critic has before now been known to perplex an author and his public by expressing contrary opinions in different journals as to an author's work. Indeed, it once happened to the present writer to see a very flattering review of one of his novels in the columns of a leading London organ deservedly authoritative on literary matters. This, however, would have been more satisfactory to the feelings of the author had the same paper not published, a few days subsequently, another review of the said novel than which nothing could have been more depreciatory! I have mentioned this journalistic incident merely because it bears upon, and might be applied to, the whole system of the reviewing of fiction as that system at present stands. It is, of course, of little moment that a newspaper, however authoritative, should publish two contradictory criticisms of the same work. The point which I would insist upon is that contradiction is one of the principal features of Press criticism of fiction at the present time. A novelist as I think, should surely be strong enough to desire to be shown his own defects and conscientious enough towards his art and towards his public to wish to seek counsel and assistance from professional critics whose duty and privilege it should be to lead the public taste. As matters stand, however, the perplexed novelist is liable to read in one leading organ that he has written a work which places him "in the front rank of living writers of fiction," and in another that he is ignorant of the very rudiments of the art of novel-writing.

It is not probable that my own experiences differ very greatly from those of the majority of my fellow novelists; and I hope to make it clear that I am venturing to criticize a system, and by no means to criticize reviewers, from whom I may honestly say that I have been fortunate enough to receive quite as many kindly and encouraging words as the reverse. In my own case, I am not ashamed to confess that, in the earlier days of my literary efforts, I was simple enough to think that I should derive benefit from all public criticism, however adverse or disagreeable to my vanity such criticism might be. It was not long, I regret to say, before it became an amusement to me to place reviews of my work side by side, in order to note the contradictory opinions expressed by those who should have been my guides and counsellors; and not mine alone, but also those of my possible readers.

The question naturally arises as to why an author, or for that matter the

public, should be more convinced of the justice of eulogistic Press criticism than of a criticism which is condemnatory. The truth is that neither praise nor blame on the part of the Press carries the same weight, either with author or public, it formerly was wont to do; and this fact is in itself one or the unfortunate results of the ill-organized system of criticism in the Press. The author, being always human, and sometimes conceited, is apt to swallow praise without questioning its justice, and is content to pursue his way convinced that he is "in the front rank" of living writers, and superior to most dead ones. The immoderate and unequal expression both of praise and condemnation is, it may be suspected, accountable for the failure of modern reviewing to effect an appreciable influence other than that of a transient and often deceptive nature on the art of the novelist and on the taste of his patrons, the public. How many times do we not read of the appearance of an "epoch-making" book, and how many of these novels so described are read a second time? How often, again, do we not see a novel pitilessly condemned because it offends against the traditions of English fiction, or because its author is an unknown quantity to the critics, which wins its way to success in spite of all?

It is often argued that the immense output of modern fiction must of necessity render the work of reviewers superficial and incomplete. I would suggest that the Press is itself largely responsible for the arduous labors of its reviewers, and that it holds the remedy in its own hands. All, or nearly all, novels sent out by publishers for review are accorded notices more or less lengthy in the columns of our newspapers. The efforts of novices, or of little-known writers, are, it is true, often relegated to the tender mercies of a subordinate reviewer, or perhaps to those of a friend of the editor. Here, again, we have an injustice to the writer of the novel, to the publisher, and, last but not least, to the public, which looks, or should look, to its favorite newspaper for guidance as to what novels to spend its money upon. Unanimity of opinion on any work of fiction is, it need scarcely be observed, arrived at and matured by time, and by time only; nor would it be in any way desirable that criticism on current fiction should always be unanimous in tone. But there is surely a wide difference between such unanimity and the confusion of judgment and critical appreciation which may be said to be the distinguishing marks of reviewing at the present moment. Press criticism of fiction, as now conducted, is little else, as a rule, than the individual opinion of reviewers who may, or may not, be qualified to judge of the merits or demerits of a novel passing through their hands. It is very rarely indeed that an author does not do himself more harm than good by attempting to appeal against the autocratic verdict of a reviewer, however unfair that verdict may be. It is equally obvious that no author would be likely to possess so tender a conscience as to feel himself in duty bound to protest against eulogy which his artistic sense might tell him was undeserved. It follows, therefore, that both author and public may be, and often are, misled both by hostile and by eulogistic notices in the Press, unless such notices bear evident signs of being the result of conscientious and capable investigation of that author's work. In the case of every other branch of literature and art, criticism is, with rare exceptions, entrusted to critics who are recognized authorities on the particular subject dealt with by the producer of the work criticized. Works of fiction alone are in countless instances, relegated to the superficial and hasty judgment of re-

viewers who, as often as not, lack that authority which should render them competent to record their opinion in the public Press. A novel dealing, we will say, with foreign life is reviewed perhaps by a critic who has no knowledge of the people and of the country in which the scene of the book in question is laid. How, it may be asked, is such a critic to be a sound and reliable guide either to author or public? It is not necessary, however, to take instances of novels dealing with exotic subjects in order to show the unsatisfactory bases on which so much of our modern criticism is founded.

A very large, perhaps a predominant, proportion of English novels of the present day treat of the intimate social life of what is vulgarly called the "upper ten thousand." How many, even among our most distinguished novelists, are there who have been able to describe this life with any tolerable approach to accuracy? What terrible social solecisms do not the lords and ladies of the average novel, their untitled relatives, and even their servants commit! How unintentionally funny are the descriptions of the country-house life of the "smart"; the visits of young ladies to the family seats of the mighty, where they are either brought into contact with morals savoring of those of the poultry yard, or pass their time in a social atmosphere which may possibly be that of suburban villas, but decidedly not that surrounding high-bred gentlemen and ladies. It is a curious thing, but it is nevertheless a fact, that there are not at the present time half a dozen novelists writing who, when attempting to delineate characters and manners appertaining to a certain section of society, do not fall into laughable and, unluckily, often into offensive blunders on almost every opportunity. It would be interesting, by the way, to learn the opinion of the costermongers and factory girls, and other favorite types of "slum" fiction, as to the faithfulness of their portraiture presented by many of the novels professing to describe their social manners and habits. It is much to be hoped that they are not such victims to unintentional caricature and misrepresentation as is the "aristocracy" at the hands of the modern English writers of fiction.

And the reviewers? The reviewers, it is necessary to suppose, are not much more at home in the "smart" world than are the novelists whose works they have to review. Hence it comes about that even authors and authoresses whose reputation is world-wide are allowed by the critics to offend with impunity, and are supposed by the outside public to know intimately that society of which they write with such assurance. "This brilliant social exposure," says one reviewer: "This second 'Vanity Fair'" says another; and how many critics are there who can boldly tell the distinguished author that he, or she, has made well-bred people say, do, and think things entirely foreign to their nature and caste traditions? It may be argued that a novel is written, and read, to amuse the public, and not to instruct or raise the public taste. I do not imagine that George Eliot, for example, whose profound knowledge of the Warwickshire agricultural classes and "squirearchy" brought to her those powers of character-drawing and insight into human nature in which she has not only no equal, but no competitor worthy of the name among the English novelists of to-day, would have consented to such a limitation of her art: not to mention other writers of fiction who have passed away within the last few years, but whose work remains to us as a testimony to what the art of fiction may, in capable and conscientious hands, become.

The duty of the reviewer, it would

seem, is now confined to criticizing not so much the literary and constructive merits of a novel, as its chances of pleasing the public taste. It is true of course that, for form's sake, references to the literary style and other technicalities are, as a rule, included in the Press notices. The greatest stress, however, is almost invariably laid by the reviewer on the presence or absence of a "good plot"; as though the greatest works of fiction had not, in probably the majority of cases, been woven round plots of the slenderest dimensions. If it is possible to have a novel of excellent literary and artistic merit, as well as of sustained interest, without what is usually termed a strong plot, it is, unluckily, equally possible to have a novel with a "rattling good story" which is at the same time a contemptible piece of fiction. The pity of it is that, unlike the novel-readers of even a quarter of a century ago, the public of the present day is for the most part little attracted by any other feature of the novels it reads than the bare story these may have to tell.

Publishers, very wisely from their point of view, naturally concern themselves primarily with attempting to supply the public with what the public wants; nor would it be justifiable to expect them entirely to confine their output of fiction to works calculated to raise the standard of literary taste among novel-readers. That there does exist, nevertheless, a large proportion of the public that prefers good material to rubbish, and does look for some other quality in its fiction than mere plot or sensation, is shown by the lists kept at many free and lending libraries of the works in most frequent request.

Why, then, should this class of reader not, so to speak, be kept up to date by the reviewers of current fiction in the Press? and why, as is undoubtedly the case, has it so profound a distrust of present-day criticism that it turns its back upon modern novels and goes for its fiction to a past generation? The answer, as I think, is obvious. The reviewer, like the publisher, is obliged by force of circumstances to confine himself to praising extravagantly that which he believes is likely to gratify the public taste of the moment, and to censure as extravagantly that which he suspects will not do so. Hence, I believe, the confusion regarding the true merits of the vast majority of novels which appear by the thousand every year; and hence, I may add, the disillusion, not only among the educated public, but among authors themselves, who, of whatever standing they may be, cannot and should not afford to dispense with so healthy a tonic as sound and authoritative Press criticism.

It is clear, as I have before observed, that a review of a novel, as the system of reviewing now stands, is merely the individual expression of the opinion of one critic who may or may not be a competent judge of the work he criticizes. It is true that signed reviews appearing in certain organs carry with them an indisputable weight. These are, of course, written by critics of known competence. But how many authors may publish for years without earning the recognition implied by one of these reviews, and how often, it is fair to add, is the public not surprised to see an enthusiastic review of this authoritative nature bestowed on a novel absolutely undeserving of such official recognition? Let it be distinctly understood that I am not venturing to question the good faith of reviewers; nor am I proposing to assert that on the staff of certain journals, which it would be invidious to name, there are not experienced and dependable critics whose opinion every novel-writer and every novel-reader would do well to take seriously. It is this latter class

of reviewer which, I venture to think, most novelists having the interests of their art, and therefore their own interests at heart, and at all events the majority of the educated mass of novel-readers, would like to see exercising its authority in a loftier and more serene sphere than that of journalism. I do not mean by these words to imply that journalistic criticism must necessarily be of a less impartial nature than any other; but it will not, I think, be denied that such criticism is liable to be influenced by public opinion of a transitory character. Moreover, as I have already stated, the great mass of fiction with which reviewers have so constantly to deal makes well-considered and thoughtful criticism a luxury only to be rarely accorded.

I trust that it will not for a moment be supposed that I am attempting so absurd a task as to venture to advocate the abolition of Press criticism of fiction. On the contrary, my object in this article is to plead for greater powers for that criticism—for a wider, a more definite and more weighty authority. How, then, is such an authority to be conferred, and from what source is it to proceed? I suggest that it would at once greatly lessen the arduous labors of reviewers of novels for the Press were it possible to organize a species of "clearing-house" for works of fiction; and submit that some such process as this would also tend to give the public a more weighty opinion as to what to read and what to ignore than the Press can, under existing circumstances, supply. I believe, also, that such an institution would be of real value to authors of novels, inasmuch as these would be obliged to consider not only whether they could please their publishers, but whether they were turning out work which a higher tribunal than either publishers or Press should stamp with its hall-mark as being worthy to be placed on the fictional market, and to be admitted to the subsequent honors of reviewal in the public journals.

It will no doubt be objected that any such process as this would entail an immense amount of additional work to the already harassed critic; and that, given the vast and ever-growing output of fiction, no newspaper could afford to cope with a scheme which would oblige it to increase its permanent staff of reviewers. But who is responsible for this vast output of fiction? In the first place, undoubtedly, the publishers. It would be interesting to know the percentage of novels appearing in the course of the year the authors of which had paid for their publication. I am not, of course, meaning to imply that any leading firm of publishers would demean itself by taking payment for the production of a novel which it knew to be a bad piece of work, foredoomed to failure. But all publishers have not a great reputation to sustain; and that there are firms which do not hesitate to take payment from authors is notorious. It may be argued that many first novels have been produced under these doubtful circumstances, the authors of which have subsequently become famous; and that the novel so launched would, had its writer been better known, have been eagerly accepted on terms favorable to the author. These last novels, however, are probably so few and far between that they may be left out of the argument. The fact remains that every year witnesses an ever increasing flood of fiction that serves no useful purpose, unless it be that of putting money into the pockets of publishers whose love of enterprise is greater than their respect for literature.

What, it may be asked, would be the fate of perhaps 80 per cent. of these novels if they were not advertised in the Press by means of reviews? However condemnatory may be the criti-

cisms of the leading journals which may condescend to notice such novels, there are invariably others ready to praise and recommend them; and these laudatory notices of course figure largely in the publishers' advertisements. But what if the entire Press should agree to ignore all works of fiction sent in for review which did not bring with them to the editorial offices a guarantee that they had duly passed an initial stage of examination, and had been declared worthy of the notice of the journalistic critic? And what if the circulating libraries declined to subscribe to any but works of fiction thus hall-marked? It might, I think, reasonably be supposed that some such purifying process as this would tend considerably to reduce the flood of undesirable matter; that it would diminish the work of the reviewer; and that both the art of the novelist and the taste and literary discernment of the novel-reading public would gradually be raised.

The untrained author, male or female; the fashionable lady, anxious to be considered intellectual; the boys, and more especially the girls, who, with little knowledge of the world, and none at all of the construction of the English language, at present offer us their wares for the production of which an amenable publisher has been "guaranteed against risks,"—all these would be constrained to realize that novel-writing is not the pastime of the idle; that it is not given to all to be able to construct tales the characters in which live, move, and have their being; that, in short, the making of novels is an art which, like all other arts, demands of its votaries study, patience, perseverance, and courage in the face of adversity and defeat. Were some such salutary check as I have named imposed on would-be authors of fiction, it might also perhaps act as a check upon that class of publisher who is largely, if not entirely, responsible for the overcrowded state of the fictional market with unwarrantable goods. These firms would scarcely risk spending money on advertising novels which had no chance of receiving notice in even the most obscure of provincial journals, and they would therefore be less inclined to receive permanent "paying guests" into their lists.

I am fully alive to the many and grave difficulties which would attend the organization of any such tribunal as I have suggested. In the first place how could such a tribunal be constituted? and how should distinguished and experienced critics, such as alone should be eligible to form so responsible a committee, be expected to add to their already existing labors? The French system of recognition of literary merit by a tribunal of official critics has never, I am aware, found favor in this country. And yet, with all its evident drawbacks, this system has contributed not a little to the maintenance of the literary and artistic standard of French fiction at a level unapproached by the vast majority of the novels turned out in England in such numbers at the present time. The material used by French writers of fiction, and the sources from which, in too many cases, they condescend to draw their inspirations, do not affect the artistic excellence of the work they produce; while their general high standard is, it can scarcely be doubted, largely due to that ambition which every French author, albeit secretly, cherishes in his heart of seeing his work eventually recognized by the official critics in his country. In France, moreover, the practice of reviewing works of fiction in the Press is the exception rather than the rule. For this very reason, perhaps, the moral tone of French romance, finding no guidance in the organs of public opinion, is

considerably lower in level than is the literary and artistic standpoint reached by the majority of French novelists. In this country, however, the morality of our fiction is safeguarded to a great extent by the Press; and, on the whole, it is not to be deplored that it should be so. If there be an objection to our system as regards this particular matter, it lies probably in a tendency to confine our novelists within traditional limits, and to cause departures from these limits to be too hastily censured as inartistic or offensive. But, I venture to ask, would it be too much to expect of our Press that it should also safeguard the public from other abuses on the part of novel-writers, and on the part of publishers who are responsible for permitting such abuses to see the light of publication? I do not suggest that we should copy our French neighbors and institute a body of "immortals," neither do I propose that any such body as the French Academy should be formed in our midst. We turn out our fictional wares on too large a scale in this country for a similar institution to meet the emergencies of the case. "Immortality" in France has been known to tend to mediocrity as well as to excellence. There is no reason to suppose that it would not do the same in England.

Would it not, however, be possible for our Press itself to institute, I do not say an Academy of Belles-Lettres, but a body chosen from among its most capable critics, whose office it should be to sift the tares of fiction from the wheat, and whose opinion on the technical merits of novels submitted to it should form as it were the passport of those novels to the subsequent notice of the Press, without thereby limiting or influencing in any way the free expression of subsequent Press criticism? I make my suggestion with all possible reserve. Moreover, lest I should be supposed to assume that my own attempts at fiction would be accorded by my imaginary tribunal the honor of being passed as worthy of notice in the Press, I hasten to add that I am far from assuming any such thing! At the same time, I do not hesitate to say that some system of responsible criticism would be to me, as a writer of fiction, of far greater use and benefit than are individual, and therefore irresponsible criticisms, often at variance with each other, which are the outcome of our actual system of reviewing. I am confident that I am by no means alone among novelists in holding these sentiments; and, if I may judge from the sentiments I have heard freely expressed among novel-readers, I feel convinced that very many of these would welcome some more authoritative and satisfactory method of reviewing novels than that which is at present offered to them by an irresponsible Press.

It is not for one like myself, who can have but a limited conception of the extent to which the many and varied commercial interests of necessity connected with the production and diffusion of fiction might be affected by any measure of a revolutionary tendency, to attempt to demonstrate a method by which a mere suggestion, such as I have ventured to put forth in these pages, might be turned into a practical working organization. Setting aside the attitude of publishers towards my "clearing-house" proposal, the interests of those arbiters of the fate of the modern novel, the great circulating libraries, would have to be taken into account. Few subscribers to these libraries will have failed to notice that when they ask for a good novel which happens to be in great demand, they seldom get it without delay; whereas their book-box, when returned to them, is found to contain novels of the existence of which they were hitherto in ignorance. The fact

has a certain significance. If, as I have said before, the libraries were to decline to subscribe to novels judged unworthy to be noticed by the Press, this attitude on their part would at once tend to stem the flow of rubbish passing under the colors of fiction. Whether the commercial interests of our great circulating libraries would jusify them in taking such a course, I am naturally unable to say. Before concluding this article I trust I may be allowed to advert to certain features in the reviewing of fiction which cannot in any sense come under the head of legitimate criticism. I am aware that these features have no direct bearing upon the main thesis of my paper; nevertheless, I am emboldened by the fact that professional critics themselves have on various occasions censured in the Press the practices to which I would take the opportunity of referring in these pages. I allude to the habit, which is certainly increasing rather than diminishing, affected by many reviewers, of hurriedly disembowelling (I can find no more suitable term) a novel and presenting the mangled remains of its story to their readers. That this method of reviewing has its advantages to a newspaper critic, who has lying on his table some dozens of novels awaiting his attention, can readily be understood. I contend, however, that criticism of this kind is unfair both to authors and to the public. It is no uncommon thing to read a "review" in which the workmanship of a novel is absolutely ignored, and the chief episodes in the plot are torn from their surroundings and crudely set forth to disguise the fact that the reviewer has not had the time to write a few lines of genuine criticism. Then, again, we have the reviewer who takes an isolated sentence from a scene in a novel, severs it from its connection, and gibbets it as a proof of the author's weakness in grammar, construction, or the like. Such methods, unfortunately, are not always confined to reviews appearing in journals of the second rank. They are not criticism, and they can effect none of the salutary influences that intelligent criticism should exert upon both authors and public. This type of reviewing is, as I have observed, not diminishing, and it is only fair to reviewers who adopt it to conclude that they are obliged, owing to the amount of work they have to manipulate, to have recourse to it.

In venturing to set forth my suggestions whereby the reviewing of fiction in the public Press might possibly be placed on a basis more satisfactory to the public; more beneficial, because more authoritative, to authors; and more advantageous, as I should hope, to the hard-worked reviewers for the Press, I can only trust that I may not have written anything in these pages which might lead my readers to suppose that I arrogate to myself any right to speak representatively on my subject.

Richard Bagot.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE JAPANESE STAGE.

By Mrs. Hugh Frazer.

The immense hall was crowded with Japanese ladies and children; the men had congregated at the far end, and were smoking their cigarettes and discussing the affairs of the day, for the *entr'acte* was relieving the tremendous tension which had reigned as we saw Mashashige, the great warrior, bid farewell to his only son. It was the last farewell, and both knew it. The tears were raining down all the faces around me. As soon as the curtain

fell, the ladies dried their pretty eyes, the children began to dart about like brilliant butterflies, posing now here, now there, with the utter freedom of babyhood in Japan. A pretty young mother, sitting on the floor beside me, took her baby from the nurse (who had been weeping freely over the woes of Mashashige) and talked nonsense to it, and smoothed out its gay dress, all patterned with the wild pink called "Nadeshiko" (which also means "little darling"), and, in another minute, the dainty pipes were being lighted, gay music struck up, and everybody put on a smile of pleased expectation. The next piece was to be something very delightful and cheerful.

Imagine my surprise when I beheld, as it seemed, the late Commander Hirose, attired in a magnificent costume of the Taira period, step forward to be received by two phœnix-crowned princesses, with whom, while the chorus chanted his exploits, he went through a stately dance of triumph! Turned toward us the whole time was the face which, line for line, appeared to be that of the man who, on March 27, 1904, was so completely annihilated by a Russian shell at Port Arthur that only a tiny fragment of his body was left to be brought back and laid beside his forefathers in Dai Nippon.

It seems strange that this modern officer, who died less than two years ago, should already have taken his place among the great mythical characters so dear to his countrymen's hearts that they never tire of seeing them reproduced on the stage. But the Japanese are born hero-worshippers, and of all the fine young officers whom the war called into prominence and then swept away there was none who more closely carried out certain national ideals than Commander Hirose. To Western minds his apotheosis seems so premature as to be in bad taste, but in Japanese eyes it appears fitting that he should be at once enshrined in the Valhalla where departed heroes become the demigods of after generations. We must remember that death is scarcely death to the Japanese; it is only the death of the visible part of humanity. They are certain that Hirose was grateful for the decorations conferred upon him by the Emperor after his death; certain that his spirit attended the athletic festival which his old comrades of the Judo school held in his honor. Their plastic minds see no anachronism in the fact that, owing to unchangeable stage traditions, Commander Hirose will appear to unborn generations as a Taira warrior, being welcomed on his triumphant return by Taira ladies, with whom, in robes of archaic splendor, he treads a mystic measure composed some 600 years before his birth.

With this exception, the production of plays or interludes suggested by the war has been confined to the new school of Japanese drama. For some time past the dramatic world in Japan has been divided into two camps; and, although peace reigns elsewhere, the conflict behind the footlights is fierce and active. The battle is, of course, between the new and the old school, and so far the old has had all the odds in its favor. To it have belonged Japan's great actors, for it the great plays were written, and the people, like playgoers all the world over, like to see the old plays because they know precisely what is going to take place in them. That which is too surprising, which requires serious thought, is not what the public asks for, and the courageous new party have still tremendous obstacles to encounter in the long established traditions of national taste. This leads towards historical drama of a rather violent kind, the great length of the performances permitting of various humorous episodes to lighten the gloom of the central tragedy. When

in a more genial mood, the people have gone to smile at fairy stories full of hobgoblins and good *genii*, or have chosen to laugh at the rough broad farces which have amused their ancestors in the past. The actualities of every-day life seem far too paltry and commonplace for dramatic use. In literature the modern novel has had a hard fight for existence, but it has gradually replaced the interminable productions of the romantic period; in theatrical matters the realities have not fared so well; the modern playwrights have appealed on the whole to a less thoughtful class than that which judged the books, but the pioneers have held to their convictions bravely, and have at any rate succeeded in being recognized as a school. When new thinkers reach that point, the rest is a matter of time.

As applied to things of the Japanese stage, that phrase, a matter of time, has peculiar significance, for one of the accusations brought against the modern play is that it is too short. Hitherto the playgoer in this country has had a whole day's amusement for his money, and he cries out that he is being defrauded when the same sum only gives him a three hours' performance. This extreme "canniness" is a well-known characteristic of the common people, and shows itself very quaintly in their preference for slow trains as compared with fast ones. The destination must be reached, of course, but if the traveller be brought thither too rapidly he feels that he has not had the value of his ticket as to the use of the railway carriage and its furniture.

The classic drama in Japan has the overwhelming strength of patriotism on its side. Its heroes and heroines bear names revered for centuries as those of martyrs to the love of country, the loyalty to a chief, the devotion of gallant hearts to all that is noble and chivalrous. Whether the play tell the story of some great general conquering his country's enemies, of some single-hearted *samurai* laying down his life for his lord; of a noble lady refusing, for fear of distracting her lover from his duty, the affection her heart is aching to accept; or, as in the story of Masaoka of Sendai, it be the nurse of a Prince sacrificing her own child's life in order to save his, the historical drama appeals constantly to the strongest passion of the Japanese mind, the pride of patriotism.

It is also a great and powerful preacher of morality, not as we should understand the mission in the West, by representing plays where the real morals are unimpeachable and the crimes only those which the ever-present young person may behold and condemn without a blush. On the contrary, the classic drama of Japan deals with the terrific situations in which real men and women have occasionally found themselves, from the time of the Patriarchs until to-day, and it treats them with ferocious frankness. Its claims to be a moral force lie in the fact that the execution of poetical justice is one of its canons, and that the real sinners—the base, the selfish, the treacherous—always reap the dishonor which is considered the heaviest punishment of their deeds. Nor is any juggling with established principles allowed to cloud the judgment of the audience as to motive and action. On certain subjects the rights and wrongs are not those of the West; the questions of honor, masculine and feminine, rest on different, though equally strong, bases; life, one's own or that of another, has not the sacredness with which our institutions have invested it in their eagerness to protect the individual. Assassination and suicide may be shown as necessary and noble acts; a Japanese heroine may sacrifice her honor for a high and unselfish purpose

and receive no condemnation thereby —but she must instantly take her own life if dishonor, unconnected with such motives, threaten her. When all the story is told, we find that the Japanese play has been pleading the cause of courage, loyalty, purity of heart and motive; that it has shown us once more how hideous selfishness and treachery can be, and we shall admit that the theatrical ethics—like the Japnese scale of music—cover the same ground as our own, although the intermediate divisions do not coincide with ours.

The drama proper has never been patronized by the aristocratic society in Japan. I have scarcely met a member of it who will confess to having visited even the Kabuki Theatre, which represents the best and highest in the old dramatic art. The abstention is a sacrifice to the contempt in which this form of amusement is still held at Court. The Emperor, indeed, with his usual broadmindedness, wished to remove this ban and accorded to Danjiro and his troupe the honor of acting before him. But even this vindication has not been strong enough to break down the old prejudice, and no Prince or Princess has ever set foot inside a theatre. In the feudal times it was considered to have a debasing influence, and any *samurai* convicted of having visited a theatre was fined by his overlord to the extent of a month's pay. Players here, as in the early days of Europe, were looked upon as vagabonds and outcasts, unworthy to enjoy the same civil rights as other citizens. The Japanese authorities so far supervised their morals as to forbid men and women to act together, but this was as much for the sake of the public as for that of the actors themselves.

No one would openly question the weight of Court opinion, but it seems to tell very little on the prosperity of the theatres. The handful of aristocrats who condemn the stage can be counted out of the audiences without being missed. They admit no form of drama less exalted than the semi-religious "No," taking this diversion sadly and solemnly; the attendance at the Kudan Temple, where the performances are given, presents a most interesting spectacle to any who wish to study the fast disappearing type of the Japanese Grandee. The "No" represents in Japanese ritual very much the element of the ancient "Mystery" in Europe, and certainly has an enthralling interest of its own; but the mass of the people care little for it.

The regulation against mixed companies has produced some wonderful results in the training of men for women's parts. The female costume, with its sweeping draperies, hides the feet and limbs which might injure the illusion; the Japanese women are built on slim, straight lines, and their lithe outline is easily reproduced by the male actors; the marvel of the likeness is therefore not so much in appearance as in gesture, voice, and expression, all of which are rendered with a fidelity leaving no room for the denials of reason.

The work for the classic stage can be fairly original in treatment, but must always turn on the old plots. The playwrights, who are permanently engaged and form part of the staff of the establishment, cast and recast the ancient stories, adapting them to the actor of the moment. Thus the warrior Kagekio is the central figure of some 20 plays, six of which are being acted in different Tokio theatres at this moment. He was a Taira hero, and one of the episodes of his career is so subtle and so Japanese that it is worth describing. The scene is in Kioto, where the opposite party, the Gên, are supreme for the moment. Kagekio, hunted and pursued, takes refuge in

the house of his mistress, Akoya, who is a public singer. No sooner has she concealed him than the Gên soldiers break in and command her to give him up. On her refusal she is tortured in various terrible ways to make her reveal his hiding place, but the faithful woman is mute, and her will never wavers. Then comes the great Judge, Shigetada, the Solomon of Japan. He bids her tormentors desist, and says that he knows a better method of obtaining the desired information from Akoya. He commands her to bring her *koto* and play for him her favorite air. Wondering, she obeys; and as she plays the music thrills her with its sensuous sweetness, her tears rain down, her fortitude is put to a far greater test than that inflicted by the physical tortures she has undergone. The Judge watches her with a kindly smile, knowing that he will prevail. She feels herself breaking down, the agony of her mind shows in her countenance. Then Kagekio, who, from his hiding place, had watched her other tortures unmoved, rushes out, crying that she shall not endure this awful suffering for his sake, and gives himself up to his enemies. The whole scene furnishes a curious study in Japanese psychology.

From the use of all this splendid material the new school is practically debarred by its axiom that the theatre should show the life of to-day. Yet it was at the Hongo Theatre, the fortress of the "moderns," that *Othello* was produced. The play was given in its entirety, the only alteration being in the scene, which was laid in Japan. It was enthusiastically received. So also have been some dramatizations of popular novels arranged by Mr. Matsui Shoyo, the daring young writer who leads the new movement. He is perhaps best known through a play written around the incidents of the war, the scenes being laid in Korea. The author told me the play had gone well—"it had run for 25 nights."

"What!" I cried; "you call that a good run?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "three weeks is the best that a successful play usually has. After that our people want a new one."

Seldom can it be possible to bestow as much labor on these short-lived productions as was given to this particular play. It was called *The First Report of the War*, and embodied the patriotic enthusiasms of the moment when nothing seemed too splendid for Japanese achievement, too ferocious or abominable as the action of the enemy. Kawakami, the husband of Sada Yakko, and the founder of the Hongo modern school, went over to Korea at the time of Marquis Ito's visit (1904) to study scenery and costumes on the spot. The mounting of the piece cost 10,000 yen (£1000). It is characteristic of the national love of formal regulations that this sum should have been fixed as the *maximum* which may be spent on any one production, 3000 yen being always devoted to the costumes. The salaries of the actors are not included in the outlay. The sum seems small when we consider that the first scene of Shoyo's play represents two Russian battleships pursued and destroyed by the "Japanese fleet."

The question of heritage reaches even to the artists who paint the scenery. For 11 generations the right has belonged exclusively to the Hasegawa family. Their fury when Kawakami brought some drop-scenes from Europe for use at the Kabuki Theatre was so unbridled that they swore they would destroy every atom of foreign scenery which should be brought within those sacred precincts. This was the immediate reason why Kawakami removed himself and his belongings to the Hongoza, a rather second-class theatre,

which has, however, gained much celebrity from the transaction. Its best actor is Takada; Kawakami, Sada Yakko, Mme. Kumehachi, and other fine actors have made it the centre of a great new interest, while Matsui Shoyo, already well known, is its official playwright.

"What are you working at now?" I asked him the other day.

His clever face lighted up with enthusiasm as he replied, "On the play of 'Francesca'—*Paolo and Francesca*, you know. I am translating Mr. Phillips's tragedy. We shall bring it out next spring, making the action take place in Japan. Our public will be delighted with it—the story is so Japanese."

London Times.

EL INGLESITO.

It was the second year after we had started our horse-breeding establishment at La Hacienda de la Noria,[1] on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, some sixty miles from Brookton's cattle-run in Texas. Before the expulsion of the Spaniards the estate had been celebrated for its horses, but after Don Pedro de Mendoza, the owner, met with a violent death at the outbreak of the rebellion, everything had gone to rack and ruin. By means of carefully conducted purchases in the neighborhood we had, however, managed to bring together a couple of hundred mares and foals of the old blood, that we hoped would form the nucleus of as fine a breed as was to be found anywhere in the Republic. Brookton had taken up the matter with his usual energy, and had just brought out a stallion, not unknown as a racer in England, that stood us in £4000, delivered at the hacienda. We set so much store by our new acquisition, Red Rover, that we had a special stable built for him in the midst of a well-fenced-in paddock, close to the house, and hired a sharp Yorkshire lad to groom him and sleep by him at night. To make assurance doubly sure, besides locking his stable-door after his evening feed, we kept two cow-boys on patrol duty from dusk to dawn to guard against horse-thieves, a constant source of trouble in that locality.

The season for branding our colts had arrived, and we had made elaborate preparations for the due performance of that ceremony. At the proper time the dry winter stubble had been carefully burnt in the meadows we had selected, and the herd, at other times scattered, had now gathered together to graze on the tender green grass that had sprung up from beneath the ashes. We had a fully organized staff, consisting of myself, acting as "Mayordomo" or steward, assisted by half a dozen "caporales" both English and native, and some twenty Texan and Mexican "vaqueros" or cow-boys. Volunteers from both sides of the frontier had come in, and we had engaged the services of a couple of "picadores" or professional horse-trainers for the branding and preliminary breaking-in.

When we mustered in the yard of the hacienda on the appointed morning, we were a sight worth looking at. The occasion being regarded in the light of a solemn inauguration, every man had on his best clothes, and rode as good-looking and well-equipped a nag as he could lay hands on. The men all wore monkey-jackets, made of cloth, wash-leather, or velvet, according to their means, and more or less braided and embroidered. Bright-colored sashes

[1] Water-wheel.

confined their waists, and their legs were protected by long straight trousers, fastened on the sides with gilt or plated buttons, and falling loosely over their feet, displaying neat shoes, and formidable spurs, terminating in rowels fully two inches in diameter. The invariable head-covering was a sugar-loaf hat, surrounded by a gold or silver cord, whose broad brim shading chest and shoulders well justified the name "sombrero." The saddles had high peaks before and behind, in the Mexican fashion, and broad shovel-shaped stirrups. Saddles and bridles alike were ornamented with a profusion of metal work, which jingled merrily at every movement of the horses. The huge leather saddle-bags, the apparently superfluous "machetes," or swords, stuck under them, and the invariable revolver carried by the riders, gave a somewhat over-loaded, not to say grotesque, appearance to the neat little ponies upon which the majority of our force were mounted.

We had to ride out a couple of miles before we reached the pastures where the bulk of our herd was to be found. As we crossed the high-road we were met by two horsemen, the foremost of whom accosted me with a courteous wave of his sombrero. He wore a Mexican dress of unusually rich materials, and rode a beautifully shaped bay horse. His follower bestrode a powerful-looking pie-bald pony, and was clad from head to foot in untanned leather.

As I returned the master's bow he reined up his horse.

"An Englishman, I believe," he said, with a frank, genial smile. "I hear that you are going to brand to-day,—will you let me volunteer?"

"You are a fellow countryman," I answered at once, "and we shall be very glad of your help."

"I have some practice," he said in singularly pleasing tones, as he turned his horse to ride beside me. "The ponies of this district are not easy to deal with; they are better-bred and have more go in them than the usual hacienda ruck."

I observed my new acquaintance with some interest. Dark skin and hair, with bright blue eyes shaded by long black lashes, worthy of an Irish or Andalusian beauty, a good mouth set off by a silky black mustachio, and a lithe active figure,—a model light cavalry officer.

"Queer, isn't it, to see what a greaser I look," he said with a soft laugh, as if in answer to my scrutiny; "but I was born in the country, though English bred and educated. You shall hear my romantic story, if you care for it, when we rest after the morning's work."

There was no time for more; we had reached the ground, and the old mares that led the scattered "manadas" grazing about the meadows were beginning to show symptoms of uneasiness. I gave the signal, and in a moment the motley troop of wild riders were flying across the plain, swinging their lassoes round their heads, as with shrill shouts they endeavored to drive the colts into the "corral" or enclosure where the branding-irons awaited them,—as picturesque a sight in the bright sunshine as one would care to see. Far away to the right, one slender, graceful picador, whose dress blazes with gilt buttons and embroidery, has just thrown his lasso over a splendidly shaped chestnut colt that has nearly broken through the line. With a quick turn of the wrist he has wound the end of the rope several times round the knob in front of his saddle, and turning his powerful pony with a sudden jerk, has thrown his prey to the ground. The poor animal lies half stunned and motionless with terror, until the picador, dismounting rapidly, has added a second loop to the

noose so as to compress his nostrils, and handed the end of the lasso to one of the vaqueros, who leads the frightened creature, now kicking and plunging furiously, to the fatal corner where the burning-iron is to be applied to his shrinking haunch. My new friend has been standing at my side, watching the progress of the work in which his Indian-looking follower is playing a prominent part. Suddenly, without a word of warning, he sets spurs to his horse, and dashes off at a long swinging canter towards a corner of the meadow where something has occurred that calls for immediate attention. An ambitious young vaquero, mounted on a half-broken animal, had been in pursuit of the beauty of the herd, a roan with black points, in shape and size like a pure-blooded barb. Instead of making good his escape, like such others of his fellows as had managed to slip through the circle of vaqueros, he had lingered behind to watch what was going on, and when threatened by a single foe had awaited his approach, snorting and plunging half in anger and half in curiosity. Scarcely, however, had the deftly thrown lasso encircled his powerful neck when he wheeled round, and, darting off with a desperate bound, dragged his luckless assailant sidewards before he had time to turn his horse or cast loose the end of the lasso he held in his hand. Down go horse and rider with a frightful crash; the wooden knob that holds the lasso snaps off, leaving it secured only by the grasp of its unconscious owner. One jerk, and the roan is off, with ten yards of stout rope trailing behind him. The youth, whose right leg is broken, is carried off to the house, whilst half a dozen of the best mounted horsemen follow fast at the heels of the maddened stallion. Our new friend, thanks to his quick eye, has got a long start of all of us: he evidently aims at turning the roan before he reaches the open country. He will lasso the colt if he gets near enough to him; if not, we shall have him fast enough. We rein up and spread out, to close in round the fugitive when the moment comes: we have determined to capture him to show at the next horse fair as a specimen of the La Noria breed. But what can have possessed the stranger? A new thought seems to have struck him; he has coiled up his lasso and placed it behind him, and is approaching the colt empty-handed.

"Por Dios! he must be mad," shriek the Mexicans in frantic tones, as they see him hang down to the ground and suddenly snatch up the end of the rope the roan is dragging behind him. He has it! it is fast to the peak of his saddle; he turns his horse at the same moment, and the fugitive is thrown to the ground and secured before we can come up to his assistance. Loud cheers greet the daring feat, but as he hands the end of the lasso to one of the vaqueros, the stranger turns smilingly to an old picador who is reproving him for his recklessness:

"Nothing, caballero! Nothing! Alcalde is trained to keep the rope slack until I want it taut,—is it not so, *mi queridito?*" he concludes, patting the silky mane of his favorite, who responds by a playful nip on the knee.

Don Jorge Courtenay, our new ally, had won popularity by a single stroke, and when the hour of the midday rest arrived he had to satisfy a select audience of experts as to the school in which he had learnt to ride, a duty he discharged with ready grace and polished eloquence to the satisfaction of all his hearers.

As we squatted under a cottonwood tree, enjoying a frugal lunch, Don Jorge, half a dozen of the house party, and myself, all from the old country, the young fellow told us his simple

story. His father had come out to Mexico as a youth, had married the daughter of a rich mine-owner, and made some money by his own exertions. The speaker, their only child, had been sent to a public school in England, and was to have gone to Oxford, when the terrible news of the violent death of his parents, and the plunder and destruction of their property by a band of brigands, caused him to return at once to Mexico.

"I was robbed of everything," he said, turning his eyes to the ground, "except sorrow and a longing for revenge. Time has softened my sorrow, and with the help of Felipe yonder I have made things warm for most of the assassins. I earn a precarious and not over-reputable living by horse-dealing. The life has its compensations, especially when I get a chance of a chat with my fellow-countrymen. I never forget that I am an Englishman."

Before the day was over I had asked Courtenay in Brookton's name to put up with us: he was to help us in selecting mares from the neighboring haciendas, and to advise us generally in our horse-breeding operations. He began by undertaking to break in the roan he had captured, so that he might be fit for exhibition at the next fair. Strange as it may appear, in less than a week El Niño, as we called the colt on account of its teachable nature, would run beside his horse like a dog. He would allow Courtenay to ride him bare-backed, and with nothing but a lasso for a halter he would go through all his paces with the docility of a park hack. When let loose beyond the enclosure he would come at his trainer's whistle, and clearing the wire-fence run up to him to take a lump of sugar from his hand. Courtenay here, Don Jorge there, not a man on the establishment but had some favor to ask of him. Every one of my Mexican vaqueros would have left me at his bidding, and he was constantly obliged to invent fresh excuses to avoid dining out every night with the English and Americans whose haciendas lay round about ours. I confess, that I was scarcely less infatuated with the young fellow. Even Brookton, though he is apt to laugh and jeer now when Courtenay is alluded to, was just as much taken up with him. The best proof is his giving way to Courtenay's desire to match the English stallion, the very apple of his eye, against Alcalde and the best horses in the neighborhood. I at first thought this too much of a joke, but Brookton allowed himself to be over-persuaded. How should a mile and a half over smooth turf in a straight line hurt a seasoned racehorse still in fair training, especially with a lightweight like Jackson, the Yorkshire groom, on his back?

In this matter of the great race we had all of us something to say. Stanton and Desmond in particular didn't half like the notion. The Red Rover, they said, was brought out for breeding purposes and not for sport. He might be injured accidentally, and, at all events, we should be showing him off to a lot of shady characters, which would greatly increase the chances of his being stolen. Courtenay was ready enough with an answer: shady characters would doubtless attend the race, but the great majority of the company would be of a different class, and the better the horse was known the less easy it would be to make away with him undetected. As to injury, the idea was preposterous: he would be ridden by his own groom, who knew his powers well, and the stakes agreed upon would be so small that there would be no temptation to overtask him. I rather agreed with him there, and gradually we all came round to his way of thinking and began to take a lively interest in the preparations.

There was to be no time allowed for training; the stakes were fixed at fifty dollars for each horse run, the first at the winning-post to take all, together with a silver-mounted revolver given by Courtenay, and a saddle and bridle contributed by Brookton.

Besides Red Rover and Courtenay's Alcalde, the hacienda entered Trueno, my big Texan, ridden by Desmond, and a couple of other Texans belonging to Stanton and to Jones, our surgeon. Most of the neighboring estates had a horse or two they fancied. The race turned out a less hollow event than I had expected: Red Rover had to do all he knew to beat Alcalde, and my horse came in a good third, distancing the remainder of the field.

At the dinner that followed the race a lively discussion arose as to the respective merits of different breeds of horses. The Mexicans who were present had wonderful tales to relate of the staying powers of the native ponies, many of whom were capable of carrying a heavy man, with his two-stone weight of paraphernalia, fifty miles a-day for a whole fortnight, with no grooming, and only such forage as they could pick up round their halting-place at night. Instances were quoted of equally weighted animals who were none the worse after carrying their riders 120 or even 150 miles in the twenty-four hours. We of the hacienda, backed up by Courtenay, stood up manfully for the credit of the English breed, whose performances, we averred, had never been surpassed by Arab, Turcoman, Cossack, or Mexican. Thereupon young Lopez, of the great Encarnacion Hacienda, offered to take any bet that none of us would find a horse above 15 hands to beat his 13-hand Apache at the Mexican distance, say 800 yards, no saddles, and riders not to mount until after the start. We all remained silent, as we knew that the nimble little things had the pull for that distance. Lopez seemed determined to make the most of his triumph, and went on enlarging upon the theme, until suddenly interrupted by Courtenay.

"I'll back the Alcalde against your Apache on your own terms for a thousand dollars even," he said, to our utter amazement.

We all tried to dissuade him, thinking that he was the worse for liquor, but he would listen to nothing. Every Mexican at the table offered to back the Apache, and soon the stakes on either side amounted to $6000, or about £1000 as exchange ran at that time.

"There is nothing more offered," said Courtenay quite coolly; "none of you gentlemen know anything of me, so I beg leave to deposit my stakes in the hands of Mr. Brookton. I don't wish to force any one's confidence.

This was decidedly a good move: besides establishing Courtenay's credit, it obliged his antagonists to lay down their money in the same manner. There was some little backing out amongst the small betters, but the deficiency was soon made up, and Brookton, much against the grain, found himself the judge in a trial which he felt sure would go against our new friend.

Three days were allowed for preparations, and as soon as the conditions of the race became known, offers to back the Apache at any odds came flocking in from all quarters. To our satisfaction, however, Courtenay declined all further betting, and appeared to have dismissed the subject from his mind until the appointed day arrived. I suppose that the number of horsemen who encamped round the hacienda to be present at the trial cannot have fallen far short of a couple of hundred.

At 5 p.m. the horses were brought out and placed in line by the starters, a Mexican and an Englishman. The contrast between the competing ani-

mals could scarcely have been more marked, as they stood without saddles or trappings of any kind in the midst of an enthusiastic throng of sportsmen. Alcalde has been described to perfection by Whyte-Melville:—

A head like a snake and a skin like a mouse;
An eye like a lady's, bright, gentle, and brown;
With loins and a back that would carry a house;
And quarters to land you safe over a town.

Apache was a pale chestnut, with staring white mane and tail, well ribbed up, somewhat low in the withers and heavy about the pasterns, but with beautifully shaped quarters. Showing the whites of his fierce little boar's eyes, he strained viciously at the bridle held by the Indian boy who stood at his side.

Alcalde's reins lay loose upon his neck as he turned his graceful crest from one knot of yelling bystanders to another with placid curiosity, or gently rubbed his black nozzle against the shoulder of Felipe, Courtenay's half-blood servant, who was to ride him.

When the signal was given by a pistol-shot, Apache was off at once, nearly dragging the boy off the ground: the lithe fellow managed, however, to keep his feet, and clutching the pony's shaggy mane he ran lightly by his side in true Mexican fashion for fully fifty yards. Felipe seemed to disdain this advantage for Alcalde, and simply vaulted on his back as the signal was given; the little chestnut had a lead of fully forty yards before the bay made an effort; then, moving more like a tiger than a horse, by a series of rapid bounds he overtook his tiny adversary, and, in spite of the most unmerciful use of whip and spur by the Indian rider, ran in an easy winner by fully two lengths.

Great was the outcry amongst the Mexicans; deep and furious the imprecations of the losers, who had counted upon an easy victory. A hurried consultation was held, and soon fifty swarthy fellows, with flashing black eyes and mustachios curling with excitement, were gathered round Courtenay, who stood quietly patting Alcalde, whose silken coat showed no signs of exertion. For fully five minutes the cool young fellow stood listening unmoved to a discordant chorus of half articulate invective, to which the fierce gestures of hands, armed with revolver or knife, gave deadly significance in our eyes. As we gradually stepped up behind him, after looking at our pistols, we distinguished the words, "An English blackleg's plot," "a circus trick," "unworthy of a caballero," "a regular fraud," "he shan't have the money," &c., &c. Felipe's coal-black eyes were nearly starting out of their sockets, and his right hand convulsively grasped the handle of a long knife, the blade of which was partially concealed behind his back. Beyond these tokens of rage not a muscle of his half-naked body betrayed his emotion, as he stood like a bronze statue holding Alcalde's rein. The good horse for the first time showed signs of nervousness; I could see that but for his master's restraining touch it would have fared ill with the foremost of the yelling crowd. When the voices of the disappointed horsemen began to lose strength, young Lopez, the principal loser, called upon Courtenay for an answer.

"Caballeros," he said in tones of gravely courteous surprise, "what can I say to you? Surely no portion of your eloquent speeches can possibly apply to me? The race was run in reply to your challenge, on your own terms and the best horse won. What reason have you for being angry? If such a trifle as the loss of a few thou-

sand dollars can really have the effect of disturbing your equanimity, I don't want your money." Then turning round to Brookton—

"My dear fellow," he said, "kindly return their stakes to these caballeros, and give me one of your cigars."

Before Brookton had time to put in a word the wind had veered round completely. As usual, Courtenay's manner had proved irresistible.

"We won't have the money; the race was fairly won; forgive our hasty words; every fellow knows that the big horse can't possibly win at that distance, and we looked upon the event as a certainty."

"Just so," replied Courtenay with well veiled irony, "but the big horse has won, and there is no trick about it, as you know very well. Alcalde was trained as a colt to start at full speed; there's not a pony in the country can come near him."

"The caballero is right," said young Lopez with a tinge of shame in his tone, "but he will pardon us; he knows that our blood runs hot in our veins. We are not like the English, we say what we feel and reason afterwards."

Courtenay had now to submit to any amount of hand-shaking, shoulder-patting, and florid compliments on his skill as a trainer; nor would his quondam foes give him peace until he had promised to run Alcalde against Relampago, Coyote, Pulga, and other noted short-distance racers. When they had got him to agree upon a match they departed in high good-humor at the prospect of letting in their innocent neighbors, as they had been let in themselves, to say nothing of the golden harvest they would reap from Alcalde's certain victories. That night, for the first time, Courtenay appeared dull and out of sorts. All our efforts to raise his spirits proved fruitless. He apolog'zed for his want of gaiety, for which he could assign no sufficient cause.

"I ought to feel as fit as possible," he said, "in these delightful quarters, made far more of than I deserve by a set of the best fellows going. I feel that the game is not worth the candle"; and then in explanation of these words, which sounded somewhat ambiguous, "I mean," he added with a melancholy smile, "that I am sick of expending my energy upon such shallow dogs as those Mexicans; it really seems to me to be a shame to get the better of them, they are such utter weathercocks."

"Come, come," said Brookton cheerily, "don't take the thing to heart so. Lopez and his friends deserved a setting-down for their tall talk; they have got it, thanks to you, they won't miss the money, but the lesson will do them all the good in the world. The matter is not worth a second thought. The fact is, young fellow, you're a peg too low. Take a whisky-and-soda, half a dozen if necessary, and you'll be as right as a trivet to-morrow morning."

Brookton had been afraid of a serious row, and the reaction had the result of making him talkative.

"Whisky," answered Courtenay, making a wry face, "I can't endure the smell of it,—you know I never even touch wine."

"All the more reason," said I,—"a good drink will act as the best of medicines. Now then," I added, turning to young Desmond, "brew us a bowl of punch, and don't spoil it with water."

Courtenay kept up a show of resistance, accompanied by many a quaint expression of repugnance, but finally gave way, and, after a time, we got him to take kindly to the liquor. We were a sober lot usually, but that night we all had as much as was good for us, and as to Courtenay, though he bore up manfully, we thought it wise to see him safe in bed, with the light put out.

"I rather like your medicine," he said

in a somewhat husky voice, as we were leading him to his room; "it makes you look at everything with indulgent eyes. By the way, I wish one of you would take charge of my pocket-book, or I shan't know where to look for it to-morrow."

With much solemnity Brookton took charge of the gorgeous leather case, that seemed ready to burst so full was it stuffed with notes, and ostentatiously locked it up in the big iron safe that was built into the dining-room wall. We got Courtenay into bed, and then rolled off to our respective diggings just as our great clock was striking midnight.

At daybreak, the following morning, as I sat up in my bed, I thought I heard rather more yelling than usual. There was no mistake about it, so I jumped up, revolver in hand. What was it? An Apache raid—a visit from strange cow-boys on the spree? No! that was a good British oath; I recognized young Jackson's gruff voice and the fiercer tones in which the Texan boys give vent to their wrath. I threw open the window; Jackson and two of the cow-boys formed the centre of an excited group of our men, whose questions they were trying to answer. The three fellows looked weary and crestfallen, and at the same time their faces were distorted by the look of bitter rage that marked them all.

"How did he do it?" growled Jackson, "blank the blank villain! why? I had a greasy *capa*[2] over my head and my arms tied behind me before ever I woke, blank him. How do I suppose he got into the stable? How did you get in, I should like to know?"

"Why, the key was in the padlock outside right enough, I reckon, and we heard a noise and opened, thinking the Rover was fooling, with you out of the way. Didn't you three cusses just look spry then, all tied in a row to the manger, with cloaks and shawls over your heads, spluttering and kicking like hooked alligators. I don't blame you, Britisher, but Dick and Abe oughter have kept a smarter look-out. What will the boss say? Red Rover and the roan both gone, and not a scratch on ary a one of you."

I had heard enough; I was in the courtyard before a minute was over; there was no mistake about it, our prize stallion and our pet colt were both gone. Who had done it?

"Where's Felipe?" I cried, half wild with rage; "he'll track the scoundrels soon enough, and we'll follow them until we catch them."

"Yes! where is Felipe?" No signs of him anywhere. The cow-boys averred with many a curse that the blank greaser had cleared them all out at Monte, and had then drunk himself into such a state that he had to be carried to bed, where he was still sleeping off his liquor. A rush was made for him with shouts of—

"Throw a bucket of water over him; pitch him into the horse-trough—that will sober the beggar."

Five minutes later the cow-boys returned with empty hands: no signs of Felipe,—could anything have happened to him? A sudden suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Where is his horse?" I shouted.

"Gone from the place where he was tethered," answered the boss of the cow-boys.

"And his master's?"

"Gone, too."

I rushed into the house to arouse Courtenay; we had often told him not to trust too much to the fellow's fidelity, and now he would have to help us to find him.

I hammered at the door; no answer.

"Hang the fellow! how drunk he must have been! we shall have to pay pretty dearly for our fun. Get up,

[2] Cloak.

Courtenay," I shouted. Still no answer.

Brookton, Desmond, and one or two of the others popped their heads out of their doors.

"What's the row?" said Brookton crossly.

I gave him a brief account of what had happened.

"We must get Courtenay up, anyhow," he said very seriously; "send for the smith, and let him pick the lock."

The lock was picked without a sign on the part of the sleeper, but the massive bolts still held the door, which was a solid one. We had to put a ladder to the window, which our guest, according to his invariable custom, had left wide open. I climbed up and looked in,—Courtenay was not in the bed; I jumped into the room,—there was no sign of him. I looked round,—his saddle-bags and sombrero were not there. I drew back the bolts and rushed into the passage.

"I say, Brookton! Courtenay is gone too!" I shouted through the door.

"He's probably after that rogue of a servant of his," returned Brookton.

"I don't like the look of it," I insisted; "there was something very queer about him last night."

"Don't be an ass," retorted Brookton impatiently; "if the boy had meant bolting, do you think he would have given me his whole pile to keep? There's the key," he added, seeing that I looked anything rather than satisfied; "go and get the pocket-book, and set your mind at rest."

The pocket-book was there right enough, but when we opened it to examine the contents, we found our hands full of spurious notes, with nothing in common with the 500 dollar and 1000 dollar bills they represented excepting the size and color.

There was not a moment to be lost. We got out the best of our remaining horses; my Trueno and two or three others ridden by Desmond, Stanton, and Jackson took the lead at a steady pace, whilst every available cow-boy, each on his favorite pony, came rattling after us. If we had caught Don Jorge just then he would have had Border justice, "a short shrift and a long rope"; at that moment I believe even Brookton would have helped him into the noose. With the assistance of the trackers and my bloodhound Storm we soon hit upon the trail. The experts decided that Don Jorge had a start of at least three hours; but for an accident, it was evident that there was no chance of our running him down. Stanton turned back to get telegrams off to the towns that lay in the direction he had taken, and we followed in the track of the fugitives, to make out where they had struck the high-road. For three long hours we kept up the hopeless chase, until we came out upon the main road leading towards the capital of the State. As we came up to the Hacienda de la Concepcion, our old-established rival in the horse-breeding line, we had to give up the pursuit. A large manada of horses had just been driven out of the hacienda pastures along the road, and even Storm could have made nothing of the trail. Like the rest of us, the dear dog had succumbed to the scoundrel's fascination, and it was all I could do to get him to come home without a sight of the rogue. If such an idea could be entertained without gross ingratitude on my part, I would almost say that if Storm had not as usual been asleep at my feet when the horses were stolen, he would have gone too. As it was, during the whole duration of our halt for rest and a snack, he showed great restlessness and a tendency to dash off after his friend, which I promptly repressed.

It's not a pleasant confession to have to make, but the fact is we were made perfect fools of. All our researches came to nothing, and we never even

knew what had become of Red Rover until a couple of years later, when we learnt that he was in the possession of a very distinguished personage in Sonora. We expected to be pretty hard put to it to find the money for his successor, to say nothing of the delay in our breeding operations; but several unexpected bits of luck fell to our share. We were offered the remounting of a body of show cavalry destined for gala work in the city of Mexico, and a strip of our land was required for Government stores, cash being immediately forthcoming in both cases. In many other ways besides we appeared to be mysteriously protected; not a colt was stolen from our pastures, and many a first-rate native mare was put in our way on the easiest terms. Before the year was out we were all square again, and the empty stall in our neat brick stable was filled by as fine, if not as celebrated, a brood-stallion as the lost Rover.

For months after Courtenay's disappearance kind friends brought us daily fresh details concerning him. Young Lopez in particular, nearly drove us wild by his constant allusions to that gentleman's past history. Don Jorge Courtenay, a bad lot all round,—even that scamp of a cousin of his, Don Carlos Guerrero, of La Concepcion, could scarcely find anything to say in his defence. That accounts for Storm's restlessness when we halted within sight of the house, I thought to myself, cursing my own short-sightedness. The caballero had hitherto confined his pranks to a different part of the country; our favored guest was no other than the notorious Inglesito, the go-between and spy of the worst characters in the State of Mexico. A cruel, bloodthirsty ruffian. Had he not led poor General Contreras into an ambuscade and shot him down, with all the officers of his staff? Had he not insulted and challenged young Contreras on the main staircase of the Federal Palace, and, though the boy was a first-rate fencer, run him through the body, thanks to a secret thrust? There was no end to his misdeeds: in a less humane country he would have been hanged long ago. The very brigands shuddered at the sound of his name. On the other hand, in reply to our inquiries at the capital, we got a very different estimate of "El Inglesito" from Duke of the great Anglo-Mexican firm. There was really nothing serious against young Courtenay excepting the passionate love for horses that in his case really amounted to monomania. "Poor old General Contreras" was the notorious chief of a band of ruffians. On joining the dominant party he had been suffered to dub himself General. Under his command the hacienda of Courtenay's father had been attacked, the owners killed, and the title-deeds and valuables carried off. Courtenay, on his return to Mexico, could obtain no redress from the authorities; so he took the law into his own hands, and with the assistance of Felipe—the only one of the servants who had survived the massacre—he had attacked and killed Contreras when he was carousing with a dozen of his band in Courtenay's own dining-room. Young Contreras, a notorious bully, had challenged Courtenay, making sure of killing him; but our countryman, who had never touched a small sword in his life, had accidentally slipped and fallen on his face with outstretched arm, thus fortunately passing under the bravo's guard and running him through the body. Men who mixed much in politics could scarcely avoid all dealings with bad characters; and if the name of "El Inglesito" was a terror to brigands, small blame to a man who had suffered at their hands as he had. Whatever defects he might have, he never missed an opportunity of doing a good turn to a friend or of

making amends when he had injured any one. Just now, added Duke, Don Jorge Courtenay was in high favor at headquarters, and he was very much mistaken if we proved to be greatly the losers in the long-run by the disappearance of the Red Rover.

Whether it was owing to accident or to our own good luck, I cannot be sure; but as a matter of fact, as I have already said, Duke's predictions were fully realized. Gradually Brookton and I got to talking of "El Inglesito" as "Poor Courtenay,"—a sure sign that our feelings had lost much of their rancor, if indeed we cared to remember anything about his relations with us, excepting the pleasant hours we owed to him.

Blackwood's Magazine. (*To be concluded.*)

THE REAL TENNYSON.

Tennyson was still unwell and out of spirits; Patmore exaggerated both his age and his disease when he saw him first, taking him to be a man of advanced years, doomed to die in a few months. As a matter of fact, Tennyson was but thirty-six, and his constitution was wiry and robust. He was in a neurotic condition, still being told by the doctor "not to read, not to think."[1]

That glimpse in Mr. Gosse's brilliant story of Coventry Patmore took me back to a day I spent some years ago rambling through the beautiful country house at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight, where Tennyson spent his prosperous years. What a contrast to that life of struggle and illness, when £200 from the Civil List was all that stood between him and the workhouse! The whole house speaks of ease and comfort. A pious son preserves it as a monument to his great father. There, almost untouched, is the poet's study—his books, his chair, even his pen—and through the window that exquisite outlook on bird-haunted trees and lawn which so often filled his vision. Above, on a higher story, is the long pictured room, where, on wet days, the poet loved to walk to and fro beating out on the anvil of solitary reverie the filigree of his delicate verse:

> All the charm of all the Muses often
> flowering in a lonely word.

Around stretches the most beautiful of English gardens, and outside the shelter of its fence the trees lean over to the east, ever moulded by Atlantic gales. Still beyond the great downs stretch away to the sea—those downs where Tennyson wandered and noted every phase and change of nature with the passionate eye of a lover.

. . . . . .

Such is the house and such the surroundings. But where is the man? He is already a shadowy outline, a poet in cloak and sombrero, every year growing less definite, as his contemporaries leave the stage and the memories fade. He had no Boswell, and the only authentic record of his life is a filial portrait:

> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.

We miss the warts. Dr. Jowett once said that the only interesting thing about a man was his faults. For what are these things which the world

[1] "Coventry Patmore." By Edmund Gosse. "Literary Lives." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

calls a man's "faults"? They are often only another name for his picturesque angles, for those particular characteristics that make him worth knowing anything about. To take lighter matters, Tennyson was no worse for smoking incessant clay pipes, though it forced the lady admirers of his youth to speak of him as "a mountain with clouds on the top of it." He was little worse for his fits of abstraction—his carelessness of externals—his oblivion of place and time—such oblivion as led him, for instance, to leave the most precious stanzas of "In Memoriam" behind in the cupboard of one of those innumerable landladies of his bachelor days. These are just the things that make him a living figure, a lovable, human man. And yet they are the very things that have been hid from us. We may know too much about Carlyle; but surely we know too little about Tennyson. He has lost and not gained by this cloak of family reticence.

. . . . . .

A truer Tennyson looks out on us from those wonderful photographs of Mrs. Cameron than from any written record. A melancholy, lonely man—sombre with work and sorrow—but still pure gold at the heart. Coventry Patmore, the chosen companion of his struggling youth, afterwards quarreled with him as with so many other of his friends, and said many unjust and ungrateful things of him. But that did not prevent him from giving Mr. Gosse one of those impressions that live in the memory:

> During the early months of their friendship Tennyson often sank into a sort of gloomy reverie, which would fall upon him, in Keats' phrase—
>
> "Sudden from heaven, like a weeping cloud,"
>
> and put a stop to all conversation. While they walked the streets at night in endless perambulation, or while they sat together over a single meal in a suburban tavern, Tennyson's dark eyes would suddenly be set as those of a man who sees a vision, and no further sound would pass his lips perhaps for an hour.

It is a singular picture that we gain from such memories—the picture of a man feeding his soul on long silences and deep musings—almost, like his own Arthur, given to visions—with few friends, and those immensely dear—but always following "the gleam"—

> A demon vext me,
> The light retreated,
> The landskip darken'd,
> The melody deaden'd,
> The Master whisper'd
> "Follow the gleam."

But, then, with marriage and prosperity the picture changes. Will Waterproof, the rough Bohemian of London taverns, changes to the successful man of the world, flattered, caressed, even hunted. He is still a "Bohemian," but also an aristocrat—an aristocrat to the Bohemians, perhaps, and a Bohemian to the aristocrats. A man who loved the simple and yet hated the multitude—who despised conventions and yet cherished dignity—with doors always open to his friends, but apt to show the lion's teeth to intruders.

There are many stories about those leonine moods. "Mr. —— lives near us," said a Surrey host, mentioning a famous critic. "I hope to bring him over next Friday." "Don't bring the fellow near me," snapped Tennyson; "I can't bear him." "I hope you have been comfortable," said another host, more obsequious than really attentive. "Very uncomfortable." This sort of behavior was, in fact, a sort of poetic license, as well as a method of self-defence. But it is clear that he cherished the privilege of speaking his mind.

And yet Tennyson could be kind enough. One day a man arrived at

Farringford, tired and badly dressed, who had worked his way across the Atlantic in a cattle-boat. He had come all the way in order to recite "Maud" to Tennyson. The proposal must have been painful enough, for "Maud," as all the world knows, was Tennyson's favorite poem, which he himself read to guests without number. But the lion's heart was touched. He listened to the man, and, what may have been easier, paid his passage back to America.

After all, the life of a man who attains Tennyson's fame is no sinecure. Almost every morning, in those days, he would receive manuscripts from eager and fluent poets who wanted his advice and encouragement. Most of these writings were sent straight back. But now and then accidents will occur when authors are so generous. An epic poem in some twenty books written by an ambitious lady was for a time lost to the world. After many searches, it was at last found resting beneath Tennyson's sofa.

Solitude was to Tennyson largely a condition of composition. He wrote on the "tablets of the brain," and used his desk for little more than the mechanics of transference. The stanzas of "In Memoriam," written at random intervals through many years, were jotted down in a long tradesman's account-book, such as butchers use, kept by Tennyson in his breast-pocket. But he knew the whole poem by heart, and when half of them were lost found that he could write them down.

Sometimes a poem flashed on him very quickly. "You have never written a hymn, Lord Tennyson?" said his favorite nurse to him one day. "Haven't I?" he said. "I will try." He took a long drive, and was very silent. When he came home he wrote down, exactly as we now possess it, the poem entitled "Crossing the Bar."

Like Wordsworth and many other open-air workers, Tennyson was often unconscious of the processes by which a poem came to him. One autumn day, in early life, he had joined a pleasure-party on the Wye, and asked to be left for a time at Tintern Abbey. As he wandered through the "bare ruined choirs" there came before his mind a vivid realization of the world that once moved there—the monks and nuns, the pageantry of processions, the solemn worship, the music—all that intense and fervent life that was gone. Then suddenly he lifted his eyes to the gentle fields of tilth and pasture that slope down to the Wye on its western side, and saw the peasants returning from their toil, and all the varied, vivid life of to-day. And as he looked and mused those lines came into his head which are now a possession of the whole English race—came into his head whole and perfect as we read them to-day:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Harold Spender.

THE MEANING OF PAIN.

Next year we shall be celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic by Sir J. Simpson in Edinburgh, and the consequent reduction by an incalculable amount of the sum total of human suffering. Although since Simpson's experiment, the doctrine of evolution has to some extent made clear to us the function of pain in the world, it is remarkable in these days of education how great is the mystery which still surrounds the subject. The potency of mystery lies in a feeling of wonder not unmixed with fear, and the subject of pain evokes both in a peculiar degree. Toothache is only one of the minor ills of life. Yet when the exhausted brain-worker at the end of a harassing day submits himself to the dentist; when he feels the blinding light fall full upon his face; and when as the stopping is removed from the aching molar he finds himself breaking out into a cold sweat, in an agony which seems to reach almost the last limit of endurance, it is only human nature that he should ask himself the question to which a wrong answer is often given—If this be but a minor experience, what must be the full possibilities of the coil of sensations in which we are involved? What must be the pain of a major operation, or the fiery agonies of a death by violence or torture?

It is now a well-established conclusion of science that the higher we rise in the scale of nervous organization the greater the possibilities of pain. It is part of the price we have had to pay for the more evolved life. Pain, as Spencer long ago pointed out, is simply the correlative of actions injurious to the organism. It has been an inevitable accompaniment of evolution, for we could not imagine a race of highly organized creatures who would be unconscious of actions bringing serious injury or violence to their persons. In the long ascent of life only those beings could have survived in which painful feelings went along with acts tending to be injurious or destructive to their lives. To an ever-increasing degree, therefore, the higher life has been doomed to march in company with pain. There is a very general popular view which finds expression in the saying that animals do not feel pain like people. It is a view upon which we must not build too much as regards the higher animals. Any one who has seen a dog in extreme pain will know how nearly the possibilities of canine suffering reach the human limit. Darwin's description of sweat dripping from the skin of horses and cattle when suffering extreme pain, and of the body of the female hippopotamus covered with red-colored perspiration while in great agony, will give some idea of the extent to which the higher animals must feel pain. Yet as we descend in the scale of life pain cannot be felt to the same extent. The nervous organization is much less fully developed. Any one who has played a fish on a hook at the end of a line will know perfectly well that the fish cannot feel to the extent that a man would feel in the same circumstances. Further down still in the scale of life sensation is certainly considerably blunted. Crustaceans will lose their limbs and insects will shed their parts and members with little apparent suffering, and sometimes while scarcely seeming to notice the fact. It is often said that savages do not feel pain like civilized races, and that women do not feel it as much as men. This is per-

haps not, as is often too readily assumed, the result of lower nervous organization in either case. It may be noticed by every one how much better we are able to endure pain after a period of mental rest or a spell of outdoor occupation. When the brain is much worked and the nervous system irritable we are not able to bear pain nearly so well. Amongst civilized men as compared with savages and amongst men as compared with women we should say the latter condition tends more often to prevail, and it may account for the observation as to the diminished power of enduring suffering.

It is one of the commonest popular errors about pain that it increases in proportion to the extent and nature of the injury. The relatively small but intensely local sensation of toothache before mentioned is often felt more than the pain caused by a larger injury. As a matter of fact, the power or capacity of the nervous system to affect our consciousness through the sensation of pain is strictly limited. It is a merciful thing that it should be so, for otherwise there would be almost no limit to human suffering. It is for this reason that the pain of a very extensive and widespread injury is not so great as might be expected. The writer remembers perfectly well on the occasion of a severe scald extending over a large surface, received when he was young, the pain was less than that of a much smaller scald has often been. It resembled a deep glow not unduly painful, but varied by smarting and pricking sensations, the seat of which seemed to be continually changing. The brain can apparently only render us conscious of a certain amount of stimulus at a time. This is the explanation of the mustard-plaster, which will relieve an intense pain that happens to be local. The amount of the warning sent to the brain is greater in bulk, but it is spread over a wider surface, and the amount of attention which can be given to the local call is greatly reduced. Hippocrates long ago noticed a fact which Shakespeare has also recorded, that two pains cannot be clearly felt at the same time; the severer one dulls the other:—

> One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

In the same way an intense pain proceeding from a small local seat of injury tends to be lost in the presence of a large volume of sensation of lower intensity but proceeding from a great number of points at once. For the same cause any other call on the attention of the brain tends to reduce pain. A man cannot think deeply and exert his utmost muscular force. He cannot do either and feel pain intensely. It is for this reason that when the attention is inhibited, as in the case of a mesmerized person, pain is not felt. So also martyrs in the ecstasy of their religious fervor have been almost insensible to their tortures. Similarly in the days before anæsthetics surgeons used sometimes to encourage their patients to cry out during operations so as to reduce the pain which had to be endured. It used to be the custom of sailors going to be flogged to take a piece of lead into their mouths to bite and thus help them to bear the pain. From the physiological explanation of pain it follows that the tissues and parts most exposed to injury should be best provided with the nerves which give that warning of injury which is felt as pain. These parts are generally at the surface of the body. Thus the writer has noticed in the stockyards at Chicago how much less the animals that are not stunned beforehand seem to feel the deep-seated injuries by which their lives are taken than might be expected. He has similarly been told by persons operated on in the days

before anæsthetics became general how much less the pain of the operation was felt in the deeper tissues, and how curious it was to find the surgeon, although doubtless well enough informed in theory, imagining he was hurting his patient almost beyond human endurance at a point at which the pain was felt considerably less.

The Outlook.

EMERSON.*

The centenary of the birth of a famous writer is a good vantage-ground from which to consider his position in the hierarchy of letters. It is far enough off to be free from the glamor of the living personality, and to be safe also from the influence of the reaction which waits on all high contemporary reputations. Emerson's prestige has suffered something of the same fate as Macaulay's. Both enjoyed a surprising fame in their own generation; both in time fell into the hands of more eclectic critics, to whom an author's popularity was in itself ground for suspicion; and both were for the moment relegated to the shelves of Mechanics' Institutes, and condemned as food only for the half-educated mind. The reaction in one case was short-lived. Macaulay's fame, it may be confidently said, burns to-day brighter than ever, though his defects are patent to any child. In Emerson's case the rehabilitation has been slower, partly because he gave us a philosophy of conduct, and the inclination of the world has rather drifted from such bequests; partly because the agreeable patriotism of his countrymen has led them to continue praising him, not always with intelligence and taste. Fewer educated men, we suppose, read him to-day than any other writer of equal value. And yet a revival must surely come. If we winnow his many volumes of essays and poetry, a substantial amount of grain remains when the chaff is discarded. His intellectual atmosphere is a little foreign, he talks often in strange accents, he is dogmatic on the most delicate uncertainties, and prostrates himself sometimes before tinsel deities. But in the last resort he has two qualities which must assure him immortality,—insight into the nature of man, and some share of the poetic fire.

Emerson's works are the direct expression of the man. He never posed in his life, but wrote down what he thought and felt as sincerely as if it had been his private diary. No large passions stirred the placid surface of his days. Living "not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it," among his books and pinewoods and pleasant like-minded friends, he thought that he thereby had obtained a standpoint for understanding and directing the world. The truth was that he had created a little ideal world of his own. He wished, as he said himself, to "live in the light," and he carefully excluded all the sorrows and tragedies of life from his soul. The trouble is that much of life is in the dark or in the twilight, and the philosopher who lives only "at large leisure in noble mornings" is scarcely qualified to judge it. It is in his very lucidity and calm that his imperfections lie. His truths are half-truths often, because his data are so jealously circumscribed. Hence

* "The Complete Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson." With an Introduction and Notes. "Centenary Edition." London: A. Constable and Co. 12 vols. [6s. net each.]

he has nothing of the fierce energy and fire of Carlyle, who, approaching the world with much the same metaphysical equipment, saw far deeper into the tangle of its being. The complete godlike man may know all things, and yet keep his divine serenity; but Emerson was complete only because he was imperfect, and serene only because his eyesight was bad. At the same time, this instinct for completeness is the source of his chief merit. He labors to be practical, to translate his thought into the current language of the world. If he fails, consequently, to be a great seer, he is a most admirable teacher. He has no love of wanton destruction. Carlyle destroys faiths and institutions, but Emerson builds them all up again on a sober, decent, republican basis. He never forgot that he had been a preacher and was a lecturer, and the medium which he had discovered dominated his thought. He must provide his audience with a "message," and that message must be four-square, and satisfactory, and reasonably comforting. There are no loose ends to his teaching. It may be vague and mystical, but it has always the accent of finality.

It is a futile task to attempt to classify his thought under any of the accepted heads. In a sense he was an idealist after the German pattern, but he had no exact system of metaphysics behind him. His philosophy was always concrete and emotional, a collection of aphorisms rather than an organon. First and foremost he was an institutionist, resting upon the ordinary consciousness without any real effort to seek a higher unity. His keen instinct for the practical life would have made him subscribe to much of the doctrine of Carlyle's famous "Characteristics." Though grouped among transcendentalists, he really fought transcendentalism as the champion of practical ethics. This lack of the true speculative interest is the secret of his success as a moralist, for your metaphysician is no teacher, and can never present his conclusions in the form of a lesson. The same thing is true of his scholarship. He had a great knowledge of books, but little exact learning, and this very lack gave him the courage to make fearless use of the profundities of science and history. The result is sometimes comic, yet it is often sublime. For, as we have said, he had the poet's instinct, and could fly to a conclusion which a more learned and exact man would have approached after years of toil. It was Professor Tyndall, if we remember rightly, who proclaimed him as one of the first of evolutionists, and praised his skill in transmuting a scientific conception into the warmer tones of an ideal world. This is no slight tribute from an uncompromising scientist to one whose methods were wholly unscientific, and whose weight, on the whole, was flung on the other side. The cardinal merit of Emerson was his power of taking toll of all domains of human knowledge to illustrate his teaching. It is all excellent talk, wise, soothing, practical, and lit up at times by an insight and an imagination which would have been impossible to any one save a true poet.

We should place this poetic quality among the first of his merits. It redeems a style which is otherwise staccato, unrhythmical, and not infrequently turgid. The atmosphere of the platform is always about him, and there is a constant straining after oratorical effect. His sentences and his argument have often no real interconnection,—"save in God," as he once said; but an ultimate Divine absorption can scarcely atone for grammatical and logical flaws. He has sometimes, too, a Sibylline obscurity which means nothing. As Mr. Morley well says, "a platitude is not turned into profundity

by being dressed up as a conundrum." On the other hand, he has delightful surprises. A sudden touch of tenderness, a gleam of beautiful fancy, a difficult thought in a perfect phrase, comes upon us with a shock of pleasure. The lecturer is forgotten, and we see only the poet. It is this which makes Emerson a stimulating writer. He is full of things which linger in the memory, and provoke to thought, not because of the argument in which they appear, but because of their imaginative irrelevance. The popular expounder of ethics turns suddenly from his prudential maxims to give us a glimpse of the City of God. Strangely enough, we find this poetic quality chiefly in his prose. His poetry is disappointing because of his defects of technical equipment. He chose the lyrical style in the main, and his sense was too blunt for any but the more obvious harmonies. His verses have the same staccato monotony as his essays. When he succeeds, as he does occasionally, it is by virtue of an extreme sincerity and simplicity which condone all metrical imperfections, as in the song, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home," or the beautiful "Give all to Love." Poems like "Merlin" and "Brahma" owe their merit to their sheer imaginative force, and not to style. But it is from his poetry that we get the most pleasing impression of the writer. His lecturer's gown is forgotten; he has no "call" to draw obvious morals and be sententious about insoluble problems. He writes to please himself, to tell of the simple, wholesome joys of his life, and his serene and kindly meditations. No man who looked out on life with such clear, charitable eyes can be forgotten by posterity.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An interesting Burns relic was sold in Glasgow recently in the form of an Excise return for April and May, 1791, signed and dated by the poet. After a keen competition the relic was knocked down at 17 guineas to a Dumfries hotel-keeper who possesses several other mementos of Burns. At the same sale a copy of Chaucer, a small folio in black letter, dated 1542, was sold for 29*l*.

"The Blackmore Country" will be the next volume in the Pilgrimage Series, in which we have already had such volumes as the "Dickens Country," and "The Thackeray Country." Mr. F. J. Snell has illustrated his volume, which The Macmillan Company will presently issue, with fifty pictures from photographs of the country which forms the background of "Lorna Doone," "The Maid of Sker" and "Perlycross."

A writer in one of the Paris daily papers makes the interesting announcement that the new or eighth edition of the "Dictionary" of the French Academy is expected to be completed within the next 200 years! It was begun in 1877, and the entries under the letter C cannot be finished and published until 1907 or 1908. The last or seventh edition occupied from 1835 to 1877; the five previous editions, 1694 to 1835, averaged almost 28 years each; whilst the first edition, which was begun in 1635, the date of the official foundation of the society, was finished in 1694.

A volume of reminiscences entitled "On the Queen's Errands," by Captain

Philip Wynter, who was one of Queen Victoria's couriers, will be published during the spring by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. The author is a son of Dr. Wynter, who was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the Chancellorship of the Duke of Wellington, and reminiscences of the duke and his contemporaries are included in the book. The author also gives personal recollections of the late Lord Dufferin, Sir Robert Morier, Sir Frank Lascelles, Lord Lyons, Sir Charles Scott, and others.

According to The Academy, the greatest change which Sir Francis Burnand made in Punch was this, that whereas under his predecessor Punch definitely took sides in politics, under Sir Francis it regarded all parties and persons as subject to the criticism of the little philosopher with the big nose and the hump. That is not to say that the balance was always equally held, and that there were no periods when predilections were noticeable; but, taken as a whole, Punch has not been under Sir Francis Burnand a political partisan. Another great reform he introduced was in the character of the famous Wednesday dinner. Under his rule it lost none of its humor but the old Bohemianism of the days which Sir Francis himself can remember has given place to temperate jollity and hard work combined.

The name of the Count de Soissons as translator guarantees the value and significance of the latest work of Waclaw Gasiorowski, the young Polish novelist. Long, overloaded with detail, and dragging perceptibly in the earlier chapters, "The Love Story of Napoleon" gains rapidly in its hold on the reader's sympathies and its final impression is of cumulative power quite beyond the range of the ordinary historical romance. The story—essentially Polish in atmosphere in spite of some notable scenes in Paris—opens with Napoleon's entry into Warsaw in 1806, reaches its climax with the detachment from earlier connections effected at the time of his marriage with Marie Louise, and ends in the period of his first exile. Madame Walewska's portrait is drawn with rare delicacy and charm, but the grim realism with which the Emperor's deliberate selfishness and brutality are brought out makes it hard to believe that the novelist is, as his translator avers, "an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon." E. P. Dutton & Co.

A volume of quaint interest and delicate flavor, alike from the literary and the religious point of view, is "The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary," which Evelyn Underhill, as she explains upon the title-page, has "brought out of divers tongues and newly set forth in English." These legends and folk-tales express religious emotion, imagination and belief. They have affected life and have colored literature and art, but with few exceptions they have not hitherto been accessible to English readers. The editor of the present volume has taken them from mediæval Latin and from the Norman-French and has retold them in simple English with an archaic flavor, exercising an editor's privilege of selection and rearrangement but preserving the spirit of the originals. There are twenty-five altogether, winnowed from hundreds of like character but inferior quality. There is in them a curious blending of romance and mysticism, and they show clearly the unique place which the Virgin Mary, conceived of as half-Divine and half-womanly, held in the affection and reverence of Christians of the Middle Ages. E. P. Dutton & Co.